A River Divided

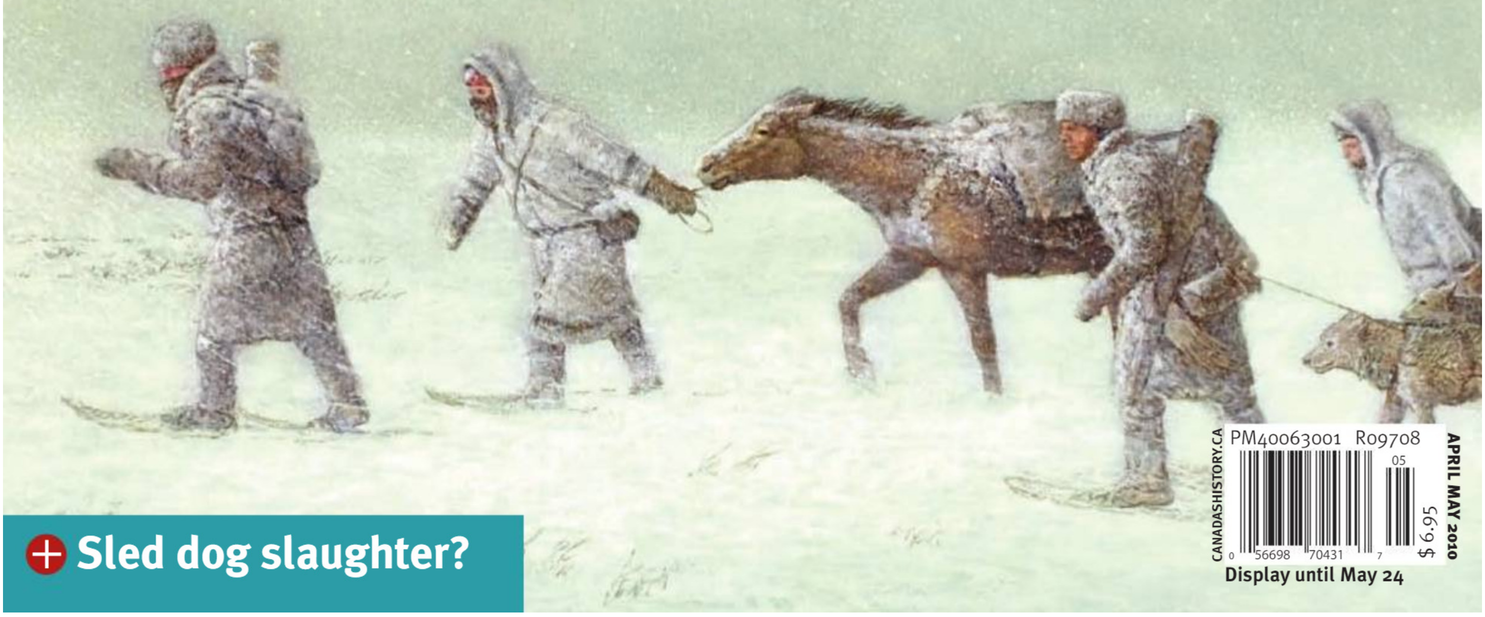
Four Indian Kings

The John Cabot Mystery

CANADA'S
HISTORY
Formerly The Beaver

SAVING DAVID THOMPSON

The critics have written him off.
Can the contentious explorer's reputation be redeemed?



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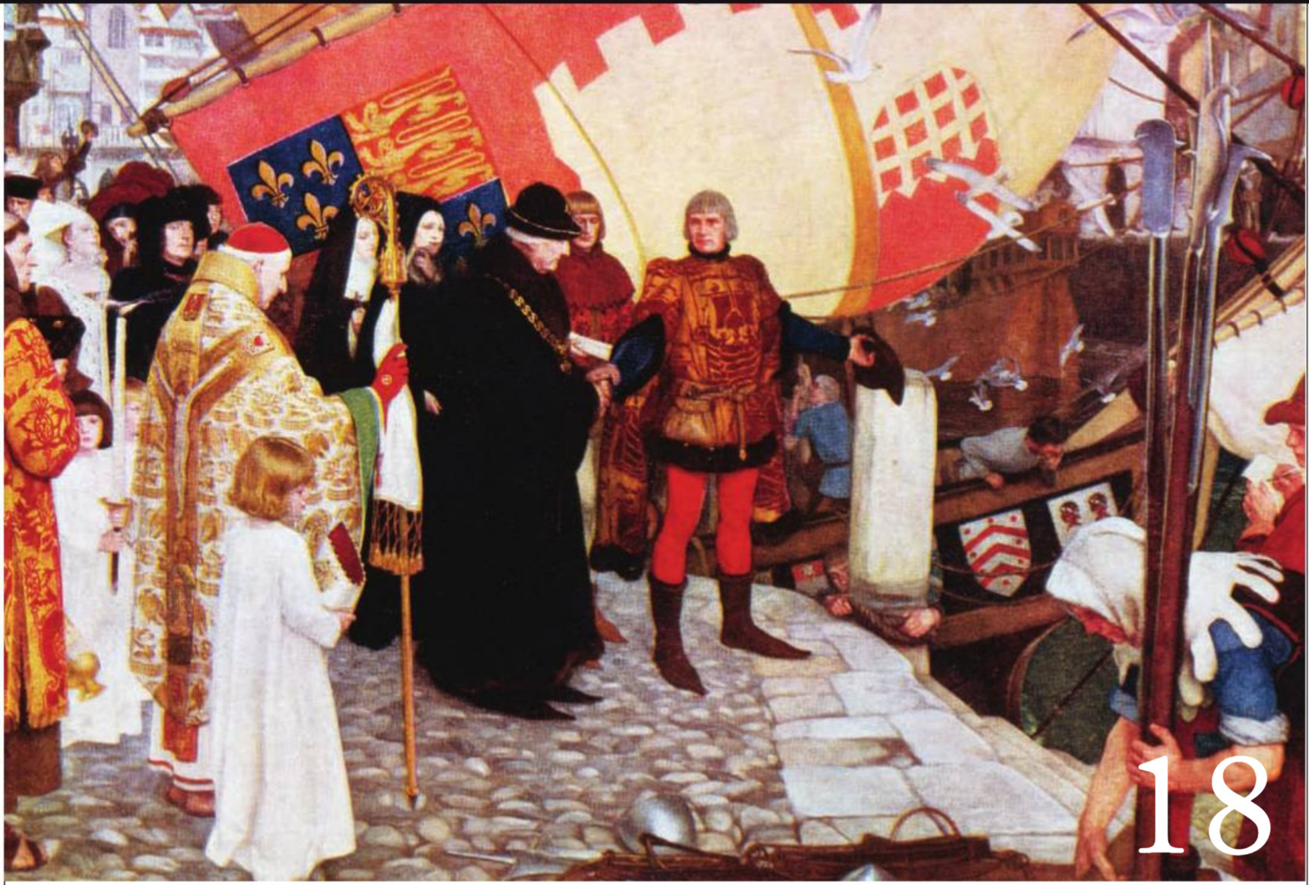

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A scholar's research promised to turn the story of explorer John Cabot upside down. But then the researcher died — and her findings were ordered destroyed. Can historians today solve the mystery surrounding Cabot?
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Four Native leaders arrived in London in 1710 to a splendid welcome. That was a change. Earlier Aboriginals in Europe were often unhappy kidnap victims.
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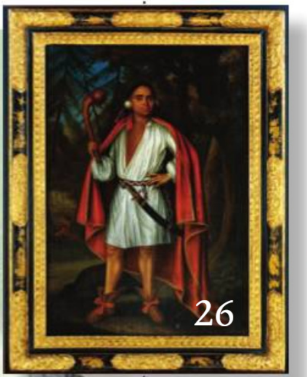
by D'Arcy Jenish



COVER: DON MCMASTER

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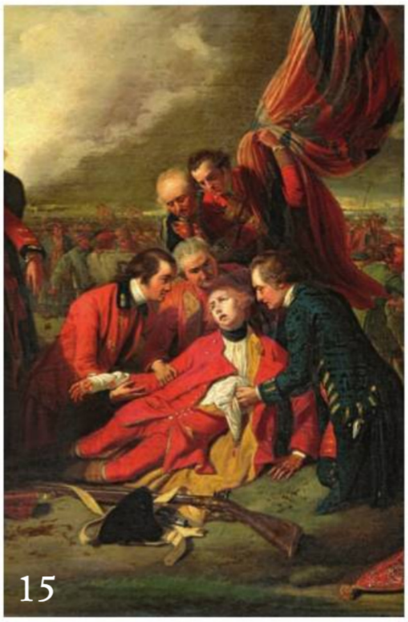
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Founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history, the work of Canada's History Society includes *Canada's History* magazine, *Kayak: Canada's History Magazine For Kids*, and Canada's History Awards: — the Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History and the Pierre Berton Award, which recognizes those who have brought history to a wider audience.

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Editorial Guidelines can be found on our website.
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ISSN 1920-9894

Member Services
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Toronto, ON
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Phone: 1-888-816-0997
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Annual Subscription (6 issues):
Canada, $32.95 (taxes included).
Please add $10 a year for U.S. orders and $18 a year for foreign orders.
Single copy price: $6.95

GST Registration Number: 13868 1408 RT

Advertising Representative:
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PO Box 1274, Station K,
Toronto, ON
M4P 3E5 Canada

Publications Mail Agreement No. 40063001
Registration No. 09708.

Postage paid in Winnipeg.

Issued April 2010

Printed in Canada

Mixed Sources
Product group from well-managed forests, controlled sources and recycled wood or fiber
www.fsc.org Cert no. SW-COC-000952
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We acknowledge the financial support of the **Government of Canada** through the *Canadian Periodical Fund* toward our mailing and editorial costs.

Canada's History is your history

John Cabot and David Thompson, though born centuries apart, shared common traits.

They were businessmen who used exploration to gain advantages over their competitors. They also shared the courage to go beyond the edges of the map, to push back the horizon that had constrained previous generations.

Exploration today is far easier than it was back then. Crossing the Atlantic used to take weeks in a tall ship. The journey is now measured in hours by plane. Pleasure cruises now ply the frozen waters of the Northwest Passage, passing by the cairns and bones of dead explorers. Even the summit of Mount Everest is accessible for people who are relatively fit — and well-off.

For decades, *The Beaver* magazine has chronicled the exploits of the explorers who increased our understanding of Canada. And so we thought it was only fitting to focus on explorers as we begin our new journey as *Canada's History* magazine.

In this issue, two of our greatest explorers — David Thompson and John Cabot — are the subjects of major features. We also bring you the story of courageous Aboriginal men who in 1710 crossed the Atlantic to visit the strange homeland of the European newcomers. And we present the story of a modern-day conflict over a river with a rich historic legacy.

In our inaugural issue, we introduce new departments and new columnists. And the magazine itself has been redesigned.

New items include: "Timeline," a visually driven look at key moments in Canadian history; "Brushstrokes," in which we feature a historic painting and tell the stories behind the image and of the artist who created it; and "Laugh lines," a spotlight on editorial cartoons from the past.

We are proud of *The Beaver*'s ninety-year legacy, as well as our ongoing relationship with the Hudson's Bay Company. That's why we created "Trading Post," a new department that highlights stories from *The Beaver* from thirty, sixty, and ninety years ago and also presents the history behind artifacts from the HBC fur trade.

For those of you who enjoy engaging commentary, we have added two new columnists to our roster of writers. Joining regular and long-time columnist Christopher Moore are historian Tina Loo of the University of British Columbia (page 49), and best-selling non-fiction author Ken McGoogan, who will appear in the June-July issue.

Some changes have been made to enhance the readability of the magazine. The editor's note, for instance, has moved deeper into the magazine to make room for an improved contents listing.

And for even more Canadian history, visit CanadasHistory.ca, our dynamic new online portal. It features a host of content — much of it exclusive to the website — including podcasts, video blogs, breaking history news, photo galleries, and even a Canada's History Photo Club for avid camera buffs.

Much has changed here at *Canada's History*, but our commitment to telling Canada's stories remains as strong as ever. So please, do explore your new magazine. We hope you enjoy it.

Mark Reid

Mark Reid, Editor-in-Chief
editors@canadashistory.ca

MARIANNE HELM

Contributors

Douglas Hunter writes about the strange case of a scholar who deliberately destroyed her research on John Cabot ("Rewriting History," page 18). Hunter has written a number of books with historical themes, including his latest, *Half Moon* (2009), about Henry Hudson's 1609 voyage, including his journey up the Hudson River. He lives in Port McNicoll, Ontario.

D'Arcy Jenish explains how explorer David Thompson's stock has risen and fallen over the years and examines a newly published edition of Thompson's journals ("Saving David Thompson," page 35). Jenish is well-positioned to comment; he's the author of *Epic Wanderer: David Thompson and the Mapping of the Canadian West* (2003). Jenish has published seven books and lives in the Toronto area.

Tina Loo teaches environmental history at the University of British Columbia, where she holds a Canada Research Chair. She has written about wildlife conservation in Canada and is currently looking at the social and environmental impacts of hydroelectric development in B.C. Loo joins *Canada's History* as a regular columnist, appearing in every other issue of the magazine.

Don McMaster is an artist whose work depicting one of David Thompson's journeys graces the cover of this month's issue. McMaster was inspired to create a series of paintings based on entries from Thompson's journal. His collection was shown at various locations in 2008 as part of the David Thompson Bicentennial celebrations. McMaster lives near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

Witnessing history

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I want to congratulate *The Beaver* for publishing the story of Katherine Bell Fraser by Andria Hill ["Memories of a Massacre," February-March 2010]. While the events happened far away from Canada, the Armenian genocide is linked to the history of Canada in more ways than we think.

What Katherine did for the Armenians in a way defined how we shaped ourselves as a nation, including our values and our heightened responsibility as a nation in the world. It is because of stories told by witnesses such as Katherine that the Canadian House of Commons and Senate stopped the denial of the Armenian genocide and passed appropriate motions of recognition. There are Katherines living amongst us right now — working somewhere in Haiti — helping those who need them in this time of difficulty.

Garry Aslanyan
Ottawa

Renaming The Beaver

I haven't subscribed to *The Beaver* for some time — not for lack of interest, but because I find it hard to keep up with the various magazines I read each month and had to make some choices. I much enjoyed *The Beaver* and have thought, from time to time, of resubscribing.

I note that you will be changing your name to *Canada's History*. I quite understand your reasons, though your longstanding title always made good sense — at least to me, and, I suspect, to other readers who know about the history of the fur trade.

I had thought of the double entendre from time to time and did not find it offensive. Never did I think that the name would mean that you might be blocked by certain Internet safe filters!

I wish you much success under your new guise. I am sure the editorial content will be as compelling a read as it always has been.

Dennis Salter
via email

I couldn't believe the announcement that the iconic *Beaver* was being replaced by the name *Canada's History*, which is so completely void of character that it brings to mind textbooks — books we were happy to rid ourselves of years ago. *The Beaver* has always made a sometimes dry subject (like history) interesting reading, and by its name alone it spoke to a very specific Canadian identity and personality.

Having been involved in consumer research for decades, I know its pitfalls and benefits. Dare I say that you have succumbed to the literal interpretations of research respondents, let alone the political correctness that is crippling our Canadian society? What a shame!

John Bowen
via email

I have just learned that *The Beaver* plans on changing its ninety-year-old name because of confusion with porn sites and magazines.

What a sad commentary on the times we live in that such a change should be required.

Janet Dymock
Oakville, Ontario

Really, *Canada's History* is the best you can do? I am a recent subscriber to *The Beaver* magazine and was alarmed (yes, alarmed) to read about the new name that will be rolled out for *The Beaver*. I can certainly appreciate all the reasons for needing to change the name of the magazine, but couldn't you have come up with a better name, something that reflected Canadian heritage or history?

Brian Belliveau
Kanata, Ontario

Spy games

Stephen R. Bown's fine overview [Gentlemen Spies, February-March 2010] of the surveillance mission of British Army lieutenants H.J. Warre and Mervin Vavasour was of great interest to me.

He mentioned "Warre's full repertoire of sketches and paintings."

As has happened with many early archival records, Warre's writings and artwork are in several institutions, with the bulk being in the collections of Library and Archives Canada.

The Royal BC Museum (BC Archives) preserves over three dozen of Warre's paintings and sketches, as well as some of Vavasour's maps and plans. The Royal Ontario Museum and the American Antiquarian Society also hold some of Warre's artwork.

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CANADA'S HISTORY

Warre wanted a public outlet for his work and eventually received permission from his superiors to publish *Sketches in North America and the Oregon Territory*, which appeared in 1848, two years after he returned to England.

A digitized version from a microfilmed copy is available at the Internet Archive, www.archive.org.

David Mattison
Victoria, British Columbia

Two Bit lives on

The February-March 2010 issue included a brief description of "How Two Bit Creek became Valhalla" in the Currents section. The impression was left that Two Bit Creek was "expunged from the map forever and Valhalla substituted for it."

In fact, Two Bit Creek continues as a gazetted and attractive creek on the east side of Lower Arrow Lake. Valhalla Park has been created to the east of the height of land from which Two Bit Creek has its source.

W.A. "Bill" Sloan
Castlegar, British Columbia

Picture perfect

Congratulations on publishing Shay Wilson's article ["Portrait of a Vanishing Artist"] in your February-March 2010 issue. I certainly agree that Mildred Valley Thornton and Emily Carr should not be compared.

While they both painted the British Columbia landscape and its indigenous peoples, Thornton's work is very different.

Not only did she undertake the monumental portraiture of hundreds of Native elders from both the Prairies and British Columbia, she portrayed the activities of those people in her larger canvases — people carving, whaling, assembling for potlatch, engaged in peace ceremonies.

She was especially good at portraying women at work — cleaning fish, erecting teepees on the plains.

This was something Carr never did. Thornton's work is unique and strong. Now that old feuds are dead, her work should be impartially reassessed.

David Stouck
via email

[Editor's note: Canada's most decorated Aboriginal soldier is Francis Pegahmagabow of Wasauksing First Nation in Ontario. Incorrect information appeared in an October-November 2009 sidebar titled "Medals missing in action."]

Canada's History welcomes your comments. Email us at editors@historysociety.ca or write to Canada's History, P.O. Box 56060, Portage Place RPO, Winnipeg, MB R3B 0G9 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

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Unfair competition

Canadians have the chance to peer into a little-known period of our country's sporting history, thanks to an exhibition that explores Canada's link to the 1936 Olympic Games in Germany.

"Very little was known about Canada's relationship with those Games," said Frieda Miller, executive director of the Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre, which is hosting the display.

More Than Just Games: Canada & the 1936 Olympics was inspired by Canada being named host of the 2010 Winter Olympics and by similarly focused American projects. Based on research by the University of British Columbia's Richard Menkis and the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education's Harold Troper, the exhibition includes photographs, artifacts, memorabilia, archival footage, and interactive screens.

"These Games came at a crucial intersection between the Nazi rise to power and the outbreak of war," Miller said. "It was one of the first points of contact between Canada and the Nazi state."

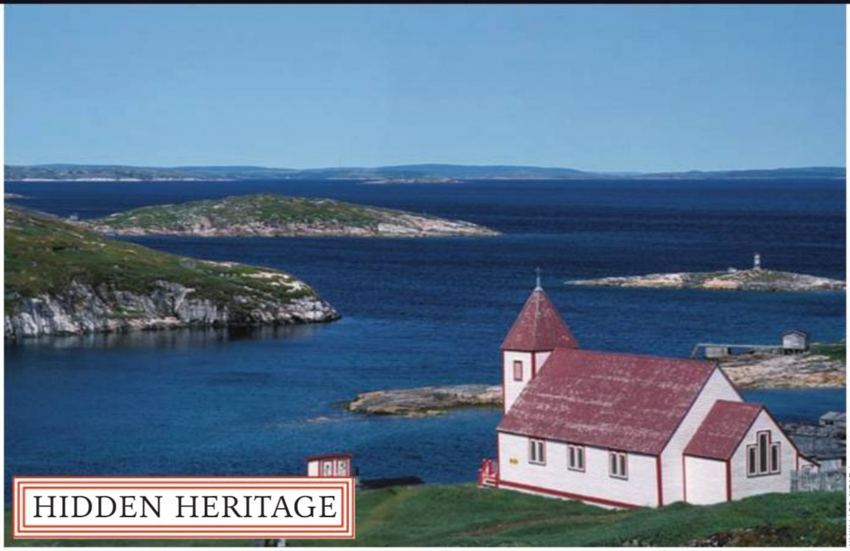
The project includes a look at Canada's place in the international boycott debate, with a focus on the dilemmas faced by both Jewish and non-Jewish athletes in their decisions about whether or not to participate.

More Than Just Games and a complementary exhibit, *Framing Bodies: Sport & Spectacle in Nazi Germany*, run until June 18.

— Sandy Klowak

CANADA'S SPORTS HALL OF FAME

Sammy Luftspring, a Jewish Canadian boxer, chose not to compete in the 1936 Games, despite being named to Canada's Olympic team.



PETER COFFMAN

HIDDEN HERITAGE

St. James Anglican Church

Battle Harbour, Labrador, designed by William Grey, circa 1853

"The seaboard of Labrador presents its worst side outside. It is constantly beset by icebergs, and the islands and headlands which are opposed to the ocean are, at first sight, as bare as they can well be," wrote William Grey in *Sketches of Newfoundland and Labrador* (1857).

"But if you ascend the deep inlets, or thread your way between the innermost of the numberless islands which lie off the mainland, you find a warmer atmosphere, fine timber, luxuriant vegetation, abundance of wild fruits, and (what is less advantageous) thousands of musquitoes," he added.

The Church of St. James, Battle Harbour, was one of many small, wooden Gothic churches — meticulous translations of English medieval models — intended by their designer William Grey as beacons of English and Anglican values in a remote, wild, windswept, and spiritually dangerous colony.

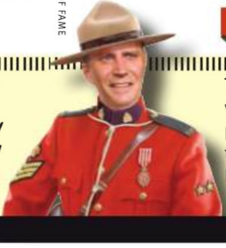
Today it is the last surviving church designed by Grey, an Anglican clergyman who also trained as a church architect. Grey designed St. James around 1853 to be the centre of the Labrador mission undertaken by Newfoundland Bishop Edward Feild. Its style was determined by the belief that Gothic was not just the most beautiful kind of architecture, but also the most virtuous.

Once a bustling centre of the Labrador fishery, Battle Harbour declined along with the cod. After falling into disrepair, St. James was lovingly restored in 1991. Today it forms the centrepiece of a remarkable group of historic buildings restored and run by the Battle Harbour Historic Trust. They are open to visitors from mid-June to mid-September.

— Peter Coffman

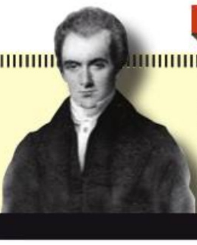
Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org .

TAKE THE DAY OFF



April 1

To note the day in 1932 when the RCMP took over policing in Alberta, Manitoba, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Horse around.



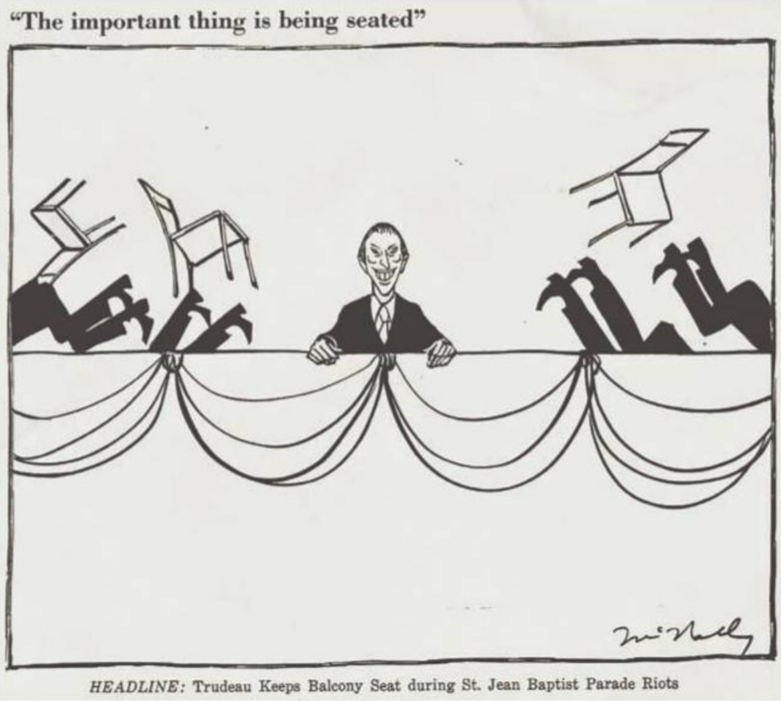
April 3

To mark the day in 1849 when Robert Baldwin introduced the University Bill to secularize higher education, leading to the creation of the University of Toronto. Give a politician the third degree.

LAUGH LINES

Trudeau stands tall

In June 1968, Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau invited Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau to join a group of dignitaries on the review podium at the city's annual Saint-Jean-Baptiste parade. The parade was to take place June 24, the day before a federal election. But on the morning of the parade, Drapeau asked Trudeau not to attend, as he feared the prime minister's presence would provoke a violent separatist demonstration. Trudeau, who had watched the annual parade in his hometown since he was six years old, refused to back down. He had entered federal politics in 1965 because he believed that it was in Quebec's best interests to remain within Canada. He strongly supported democracy and opposed violence. During the parade, a riot erupted in front of the reviewing stand. Separatist extremists threw rocks and bottles at the dignitaries. Most scrambled for cover, but Trudeau refused to be intimidated. The next day, with media reports of the event fresh in their minds, voters rewarded Trudeau with a majority government. **— Charles Hou**


"The important thing is being seated"
McNally
HEADLINE: Trudeau Keeps Balcony Seat during St. Jean Baptist Parade Riots

COURTESY JO ANN MCNALLY

This cartoon by Ed McNally appeared in the June 26, 1968, edition of the *Montreal Star*.

BY THE NUMBERS

Canadian Navy

Canada's navy was officially created on May 4, 1910, when the Naval Service Bill received royal assent. In 1911, with the blessing of King George V, it became known as the Royal Canadian Navy, a designation it retained until Canadian forces were unified in 1968. Today's maritime forces are known as the Canadian Navy. Centennial celebrations being held across the country include a travelling road show as well as dinners, balls, and parades. The Royal Canadian Mint has released a naval centennial silver dollar, and in May Canada Post is issuing a two-stamp commemorative set.

3 Annual budget in millions of dollars to maintain the navy and its eleven ships in 1910.

14 to 16 Ages of male cadets eligible for a two-year course at the Royal Naval College of Canada when it opened in Halifax in 1910.

110 Royal Canadian Navy ships and vessels that took part in the 1944 D-Day landings at Juno Beach in Normandy, France.

33 Total number of warships, submarines, and coastal defence vessels in today's Canadian Navy, which receives part of the approximately $19-billion annual military budget.

100,000 Estimated personnel serving in the Royal Canadian Navy — then the world's third-largest — at the end of the Second World War.

7,122 Women who served in non-combatant roles in the Woman's Royal Canadian Naval Service during World War II.

9,000 Approximate number of sailors in the Canadian Navy today.

— Compiled by Amanda Hope

May 14

To celebrate Quebec's Étienne Desmarteau, who on this date in 1904 won the first ever Olympic gold medal for Canada, in the fifty-six-pound hammer throw event. Take a weight off your mind.

May 15

To recall the greatest jazz concert ever: Charlie Parker, Dizzie Gillespie, Charlie Mingus, Bud Powell, and Max Roach at Toronto's Massey Hall in 1953. Don't stop till you bebop.

May 24

To observe the day in 1888 when Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park, Canada's first provincial park, opened in Ontario. Salute the long reign of Mother Nature.

Storied infantry regiment celebrates ongoing service

This spring marks the 150th anniversary of The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, the country's second-oldest and longest continuously serving infantry regiment.

"I put emphasis on the word *infantry*, since the Governor General's Horse Guards, a cavalry regiment, claim lineage back to 1822," says regiment spokesman Captain Charles McGregor.

On April 26, 1860, the regiment originally named the 2nd Battalion, Volunteer Militia Rifles of Canada was formed in Toronto. The 1st Battalion formed in Montreal in 1859, but later disbanded for a time.

The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, as the 2nd Battalion became known in 1882, first saw action against the U.S.-based Irish militant group the Fenians at the 1866 Battle of Ridgeway. Each current member of the regiment carries a token in memory of a fallen QOR member, paying tribute to the regiment's service in every major conflict with Canadian involvement since 1860.

Among many distinguished former members are Alexander Muir, who composed the song "The Maple Leaf Forever" in 1867 to celebrate Confederation; Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae, author of the poem "In Flanders Fields"; and Vincent Massey, the first Canadian-born governor general.

Events marking the anniversary have been ongoing across the country since New Year's Day. The regiment's current colonel-in-chief, Princess Alexandra, will be at events in Victoria, Calgary, and Toronto beginning April 19. — **Danielle Conolly**

LIVING HISTORY

Pipe line from

Ontario bagpipe-maker offers update on historic craft

Although J. Dunbar Bagpipe Maker is located in a nondescript industrial park a few kilometres from Niagara Falls, the company has a far-flung influence. Founder Jack Dunbar's innovations in the historic art of bagpipe-making have today been adopted around the world, including in Scotland itself.

Dunbar, who died in 2002, learned the rare skill of making the classic Great Highland Bagpipe as a young apprentice in Glasgow. But after World War II, with the Scottish economy in a severe downturn, he moved to Canada. Dunbar settled in St. Catharines, Ontario, and got a job at General Motors.

Before Dunbar began his bagpipe business in the mid-1960s, Canadian instruments had to be sent to Scotland for repair. "He started in his basement," Dunbar's son-in-law Rick Pettigrew recalls. "It was more of a crawl space," adds Pettigrew's wife Jacquie, who is Dunbar's daughter. Both joined the business in 1997.

Bagpipes can be high-maintenance, fragile instruments. Piper Oliver Seeler says "temperature and humidity extremes, rough handling, rain, spilled coffee, and a host other dangers are always concerns." Both the chanters (the pipes with finger holes that produce the melody) and the drones (which produce the distinctive bagpipe sound) are traditionally made of wood and so can crack and warp.

African blackwood, a dense tropical wood prized for its glossy look and tonal qualities, was hard to bring to Canada. Dunbar's first shipment took more than a year to arrive.

Pipe-making itself cannot be rushed. Once a channel is drilled through the block and the outside is roughly turned, the chanter must be left to dry and stabilize for a year or longer before it is rechecked and adjusted. "Each piece must be perfectly straight, each bore perfectly

Jeff Pettigrew plays his Dunbar bagpipes at a competition in Maxville, Ontario.

J. DUNBAR BAGPIPE MAKER LTD.

Canada

round," says Pettigrew. Then the pipe is polished and decorated.

Blackwood "is very dusty and dirty to work with," Pettigrew says. "Jack was always looking for alternative materials. In 1974, he stumbled on a material called Polypenco." A stable, durable plastic, it costs half as much as the African wood and, unlike wood, "it lasts a lifetime," Pettigrew says.

Scottish bagpipe-makers who once decried Dunbar's use of plastic are today using the same material. "Just about every major pipe-maker provides as standard a Polypenco chanter, even with wooden pipes," says Seeler.

The J. Dunbar company continues to make pipes in both materials. The airtight bellows — in traditional leathers or synthetic materials — come from Scotland. Dunbar's instruments start at about $700. A highly decorated set, with African blackwood pipes, engraved silver adornments, and carved 20,000-year-old mammoth tusk rings, can cost upwards of $8,000.

By the time Jack Dunbar retired from General Motors in 1985, his hobby had turned into a thriving business. More than four hundred music stores now carry Dunbar instruments, and customers in France, Brazil, Germany, and Sweden have found them through the Internet.

Before he died, Jack ensured the family tradition would continue. Besides passing along his pipe-making craftsmanship, he prepared an heirloom set for his grandson Jeff Pettigrew, an awarded piper.

— **Barb Feldman**

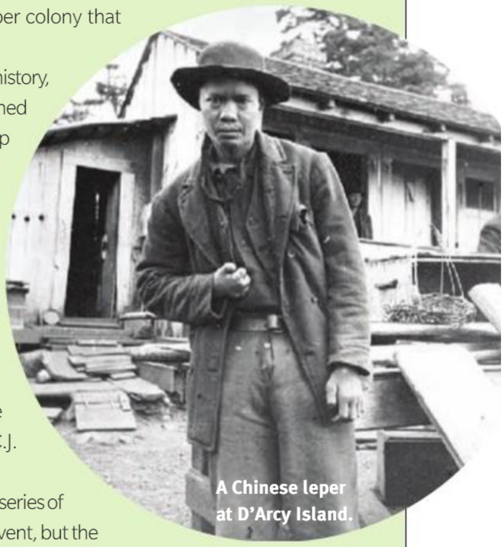
CREATIVE CLASS

Mining literary gold

Tale of B.C. leper colony captures Journey Prize

"The nerves of Ah Sing's arms and legs had grown hard as jade.... In the next life he would be a mountain, the mountain he was now turning into...."

He escaped poverty and famine in China, but when Ah Sing reached the "Gold Mountain" that was North America in the late-nineteenth century, he faced a peak he couldn't scale. Ah Sing, a leper, is the central character in Yasuko Thanh's short story "Floating Like the Dead," and the tale of his exile on a tiny island near Victoria, British Columbia, earned Thanh the prestigious 2009 Journey Prize.



A Chinese leper at D'Arcy Island.

ROYAL BC MUSEUM/BC ARCHIVES/#F-05163

Thanh's story is based on a real-life leper colony that existed on D'Arcy Island from 1891 to 1924.

Although Thanh has no formal training in history, she began looking at some of the lesser-examined aspects of British Columbia's past by picking up books at garage sales and thrift stores. When a friend mentioned D'Arcy Island, Thanh was shocked.

"I grew up in Victoria and I'd never heard of it," says the University of Victoria master's student in fine arts.

She points out that there's very little mention of the real lazaret in any historical accounts, and the only non-fiction book she found when conducting her research was C.J. Yorath's *A Measure of Value*.

"Floating Like the Dead" is part of a larger series of stories. Each was sparked by a real historical event, but the fictional characters like Ah Sing are in the driver's seat. Thanh does not intend her stories to be corrective and says she didn't want to be "preachy or dogmatic."

McClelland & Stewart plans to publish Ah Sing's tale and the rest of Thanh's historical story collection in 2011. The book is tentatively titled *Floating Like the Dead*.

The award Thanh received was founded twenty years ago when historical novelist James A. Michener donated the Canadian royalties for his book *Journey*. Now known as The Writers' Trust of Canada/McClelland & Stewart Journey Prize, it is the most significant monetary award in Canada for emerging fiction writers. Along with $10,000 for the writer, $2,000 goes to the literary magazine in which the winning story or fiction excerpt was published.

Lee Henderson, one of three jurors for the literary honour, called Thanh's work "some of the finest, most evocative language we read in the submissions — totally original in voice and subject matter." He added: "She didn't flourish the story with historical detail; that would have taken us out of this ghoulish limbo zone."

There's no requirement that the nominees include a historical aspect. But Thanh's win shows that the country's history is still shaping the mountains and valleys of Canada's literary landscape.

— Rachel Goldsworthy

OUR HOME & NATIVE

Anti-gravity suit

Wilbur Franks tests his anti-gravity suit.

IMAGE COURTESY OF DEFENCE R&D CANADA

During the Second World War, fighter pilots were forced to evade not only fire from enemy aircraft but also dangerous G-forces caused by high-speed manoeuvres, which were strong enough to cause blackouts. Canadian physiologist Wilbur Franks helped solve this problem with his anti-gravity suits.

As war loomed, Frederick Banting had assembled a secret Toronto-based team to conduct research in aviation medicine. The military was particularly concerned about the effect of G-forces on pilots, as this limited their performance in combat.

As G-forces increase, blood becomes heavier, pools in the lower body, and is more difficult for the heart to pump. Franks wondered if a water-filled suit could be used to counterbalance these effects.

He first tested a mini G-suit on mice, and then conducted flight tests with a human suit, wearing the first version himself. Franks and his team next devised the first effective human centrifuge, which allowed them to refine their results.

The suit, made of a water-filled rubber bladder covered in non-stretchable material, was first used in battle by the British Royal Navy during the 1942 U.S.-led invasion of North Africa. Franks also developed air-filled anti-gravity suits that were precursors to those used by pilots and astronauts today.

— **Julijana Capone**

Canada mourns death of last WWI vet

John Babcock, the last remaining Canadian veteran of the First World War, died on February 18, 2010, in his home in Spokane, Washington. He was 109. By all reports, his extreme old age had been exemplary.

As recently as the early autumn of 2006, this avid golfer had been out on the links, still showing finesse with his driver, though he lacked the balance and finer control needed to putt.

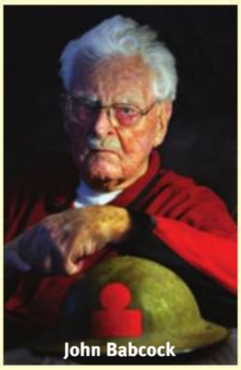
His mind was said to be clear. When he heard that Dwight Wilson, the second last surviving veteran, had died in May 2007, he immediately said, "That means I'm it."

In making John Babcock the final veteran to pass on, fate chose a bit oddly. He never actually fought, for one thing. What's more, he passed most of his post-war years outside Canada, on the west coast of the United States, a country of which he became a citizen.

He was not impressed with his last-man-standing status. "There's no great thing about it," he once said.

Babcock was born on July 23, 1900, near Kingston, Ontario. He tried joining the army at fifteen, but was rejected for being too young. A year later he tried again. Claiming he was eighteen, Babcock was accepted, and sent to England.

His real age was soon discovered, however, and he was sent to the Young Soldiers Battalion, a reserve unit of underage recruits who trained in Suffolk, England, for the day they would be old enough to join the fight.



John Babcock

CANADIAN PRESS

The armistice was signed before Babcock could be sent to the front. He later said he was "disappointed to be relegated to the role of 'tin soldier.'"

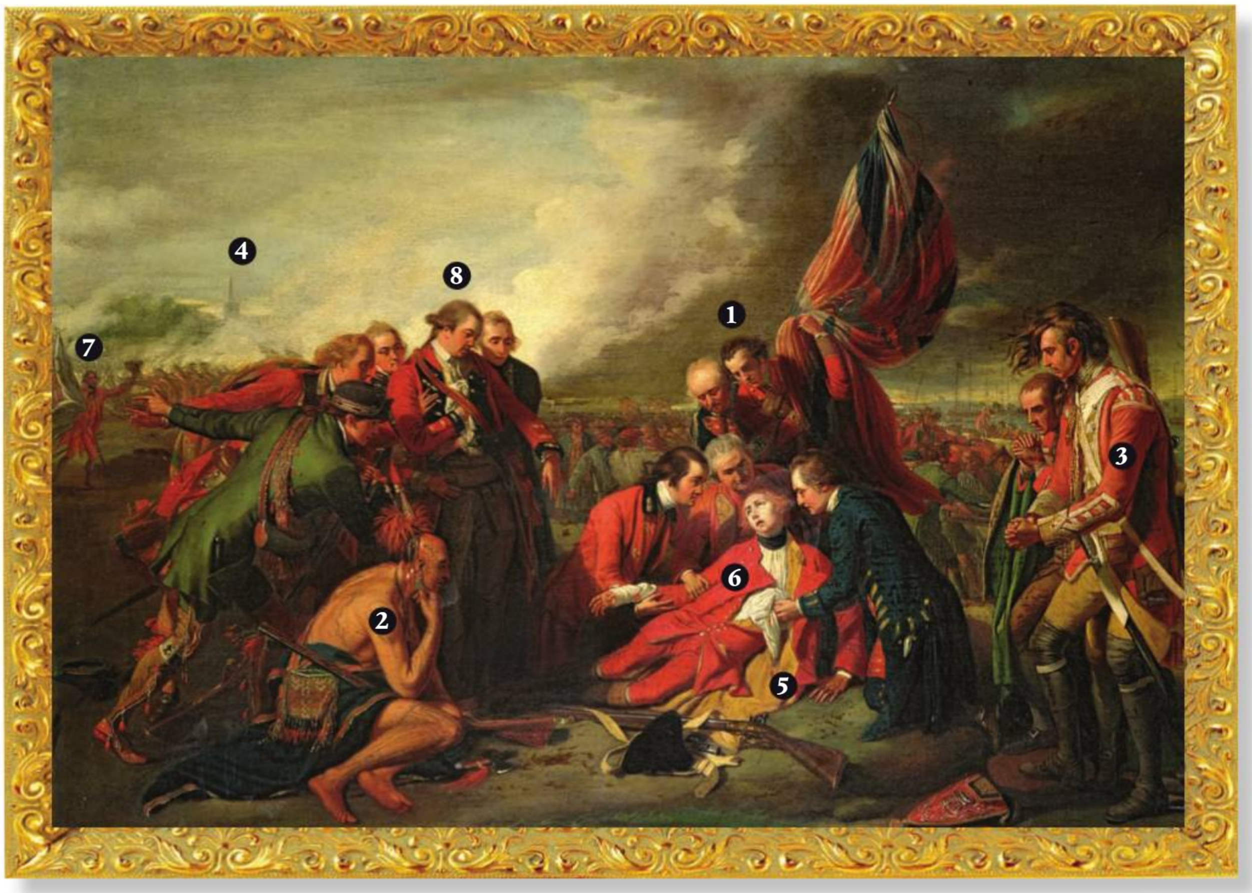
After the war, Babcock worked several jobs in Canada and the U.S. before enlisting in the U.S. Army in 1921. He served for three years, leaving with the rank of sergeant. Most of his later career was in Spokane, where he ran an electrician's shop, only retiring at the age of 87.

With his first wife, Elsie, he had a son and a daughter. After Elsie died in 1976, he married Dorothy, one of her nurses. They were together for the rest of his life.

Rudyard Griffiths, co-founder of the Dominion Institute (now the Historica-Dominion Institute), which seeks to increase knowledge of Canadian history, said he hopes Canadians will continue to honour the memory of the men who fought in World War I.

"After the First World War, we had plaques all over the country saying, 'Lest we forget.' We must not bury our Great War history with Babcock."

— **By Charles Enman**



The Death of Wolfe, 1770

Benjamin West's depiction of the death of British General James Wolfe during the 1759 Battle of the Plains of Abraham is a famous, yet not completely accurate painting steeped in symbolism.

❶ The artist depicts Wolfe as a martyr who died bringing glory to Britain. The composition ensures that viewers' eyes are drawn to the fallen general.

❷ The Native warrior sitting to the left of Wolfe is shown deep in thought, an allusion to the archetype of the "Noble Savage" so prevalent in art of the time.

❸ West broke with tradition by painting the officers in contemporary military uniforms. Until then, painters regularly depicted their subjects wearing outfits that included pieces of medieval armour. The decision to include the modern uniforms was controversial at the time.

❹ While fierce, dark storm clouds dominate the skies on the right, on the left sunlight and blue skies appear, symbolizing Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham and the passing of the conflict.

❺ During the battle, Wolfe was shot three times, including once in the chest. He took another musket ball in the wrist, which is shown bandaged in the painting. Drops of blood appear on the interior of Wolfe's coat as well as on the ground.

❻ As Wolfe lay dying, he asked how the battle was progressing. After being told that the French were retreating, his last words were reportedly, "God be praised, I die contented."

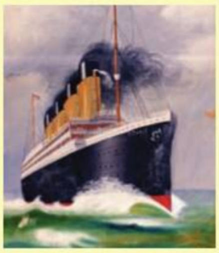
❼ At the far left of the painting, a messenger runs to Wolfe bringing news of his victory.

❽ West shows thirteen men gathered around Wolfe at his death. The artist reportedly put into the painting men who were at the battle, and who were willing to pay him to be included in the scene.

BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

RMS *Titanic*

It's been almost a century since the April 15, 1912, sinking of the "unsinkable" ship.



Setting sail

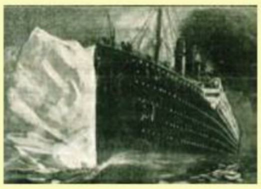
Almost one year after its launch from a Belfast shipyard, the *Titanic* sets sail from Southampton, England, bound for New York. Thousands line the docks on April 10, 1912, to cheer the maiden voyage of the largest ship in the world. It is equipped with twenty lifeboats, enough for only half the number of people on board.

April 10, 1912

Icebergs

Five days into the voyage, the *Titanic* enters an area south of the Grand Banks off Newfoundland that is notorious for its building-sized icebergs. The ship's wireless operators receive several warnings of icebergs from neighbouring vessels — but only one is posted to the chart room. At roughly 11:30 p.m. on April 14, the *Californian*, about thirty kilometres north of the *Titanic*, is stopped in an icefield and sends out a warning to all nearby ships. The *Titanic*'s wireless operator fails to relay the message.

11:30 p.m., April 14



Direct hit

At 11:39 p.m., a massive iceberg is spotted from the crow's nest. With a frantic tone, the first officer orders "hard-a-starboard," but it's too late. At 11:40 p.m. the ship collides with the iceberg. A ninety-metre gash opens in the ship's hull. Water floods into six compartments. Passengers feel a slight shudder, but brush it off. The ship's band, meanwhile, plays on.

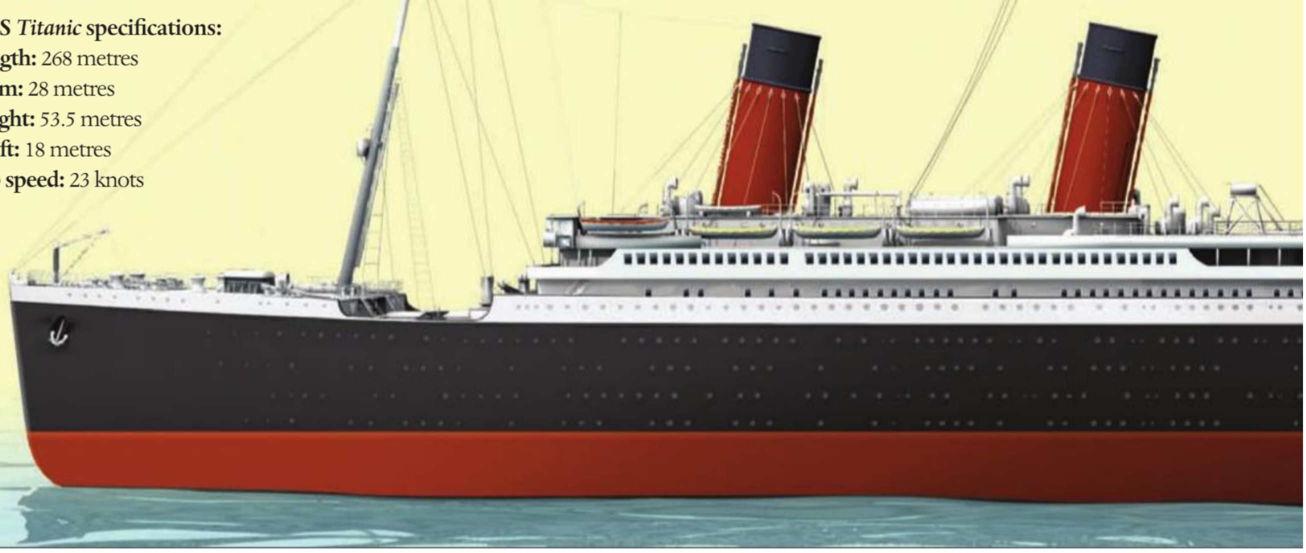
11:40 p.m., April 14

SOS ••• - - - •••

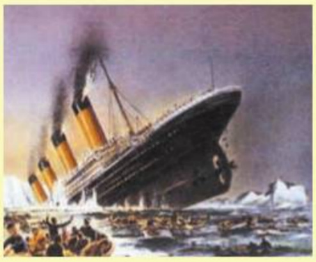
After realizing the severity of the flooding, the *Titanic* sends out its first distress signal at 12:10 a.m. The *Carpathia*, four hours away, races toward the sinking behemoth. The *Californian* is much closer, but its wireless operator has retired for the evening. The ship ignores the *Titanic*'s distress rockets and the *Californian*'s captain, Stanley Lord, is later vilified for failing to come to the rescue.

12:10 a.m., April 15

RMS *Titanic* specifications:
Length: 268 metres
Beam: 28 metres
Height: 53.5 metres
Draft: 18 metres
Top speed: 23 knots



MICHEL ROULEAU



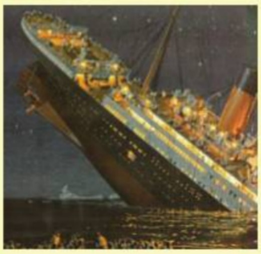
Terror at sea

After 12:45 a.m., April 15, the first lifeboat is lowered. It holds just nineteen people, even though it could have held sixty-five. The first boats are only partly filled because passengers don't realize their peril. This changes when the ship begins to list and panic sets in. The remaining passengers try to cram into already-full lifeboats.

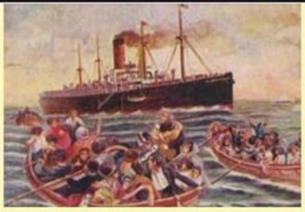
12:45 a.m., April 15

The ship sinks

The ship's stern rises high in the air. Terror drives many passengers to dive into the freezing-cold water. Amid the chaos, the *Titanic* suddenly breaks in two, and at approximately 2:20 a.m. it plunges four kilometres into the murky depths.



2:20 a.m., April 15



Rescue and recovery

At 4:10 a.m., the *Carpathia* finally arrives on the scene and picks up the first of the survivors. Of the 2,227 passengers on board, it finds only 705 alive in thirteen lifeboats. As it steams away to New York with survivors, other ships from various Canadian ports begin searching for bodies. The *Mackay-Bennett*, out of Halifax, finds 306 corpses, which are embalmed on the deck of the ship and returned to Halifax. An additional twenty-two bodies are recovered by three other Canadian ships. Many victims are buried in Halifax.

4:10 a.m., April 15

73 years later ...

On September 1, 1985, a joint U.S.-French research expedition discovers the wreckage of the *Titanic* off Newfoundland's Grand Banks. A year later, using robotic subs, the expedition reveals the wreckage to the world. About 900 artifacts are eventually recovered. Some become part of *Titanic: The Artifact Exhibition,* which has been seen by about sixteen million people worldwide since 1991.

September 1, 1985

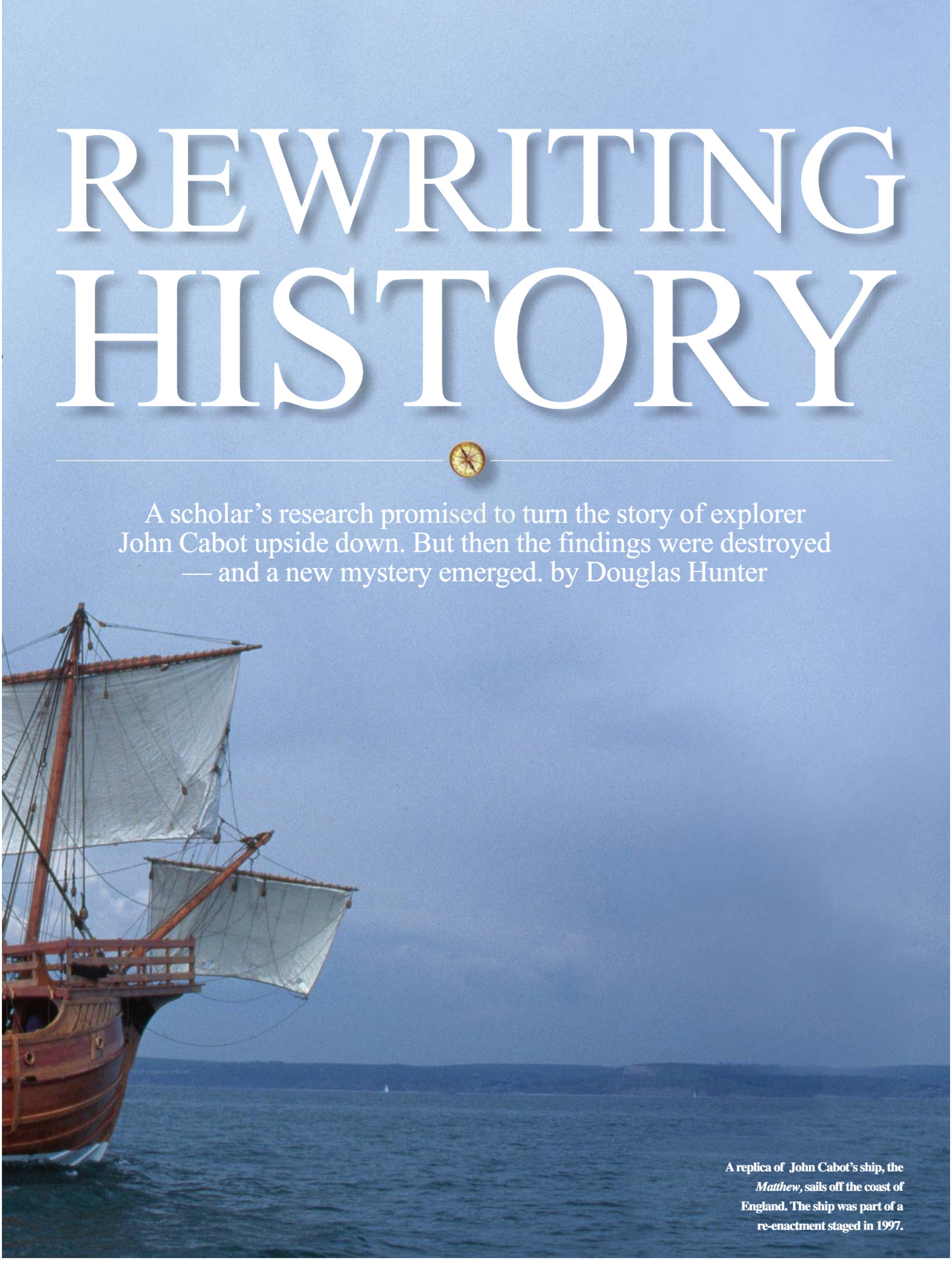
The ship's bell was recovered in 1987.

COMPILED BY NEIL BABALUK

CORBIS

REWRITING HISTORY

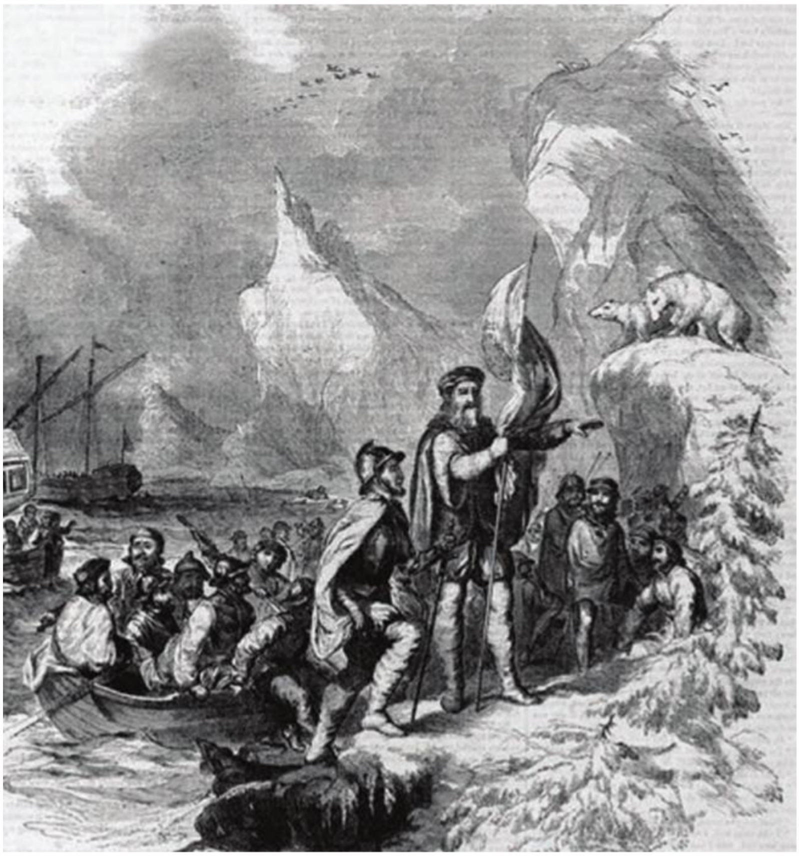
A scholar’s research promised to turn the story of explorer John Cabot upside down. But then the findings were destroyed — and a new mystery emerged. by Douglas Hunter



A replica of John Cabot’s ship, the *Matthew*, sails off the coast of England. The ship was part of a re-enactment staged in 1997.

On February 17, 2006, a 418-word obituary for Alwyn Amy Ruddock appeared in *The Guardian*. Written by Edith Emma Mason, a former colleague in the history department at the University of London's Birkbeck College, it briefly recapped the life's work of an eighty-nine-year-old woman who had died on December 21, 2005.

Ruddock was a respected historian who had made what were widely believed to be breakthrough finds about the voyages to the New World by John Cabot in the late fifteenth century. Mason noted how Ruddock had produced "a draft of a book about Cabot, but destroyed it because it did not meet her exacting standards. She began work on the book again, but her progress was slowed by failing eyesight and declining health." The second version was never completed.



CORBIS

Discovery of North America by John and Sebastian Cabot, **drawn by A.S. Warren, 1855.**

Mason concluded the obituary with this stunning piece of information: "[Ruddock] left strict orders that all research papers were to be destroyed at her death."

It wasn't until March 22, 2006, that Evan Jones, a senior lecturer at the University of Bristol who specializes in Bristol maritime history, received a copy of the obituary from a colleague. By that time it was too late. Ruddock's unpublished life's work — including notes, letters, photographs, and microfilms — had been stuffed into seventy-eight bags, fed through a shredder, and unceremoniously disposed of.

"For those who had respected and admired Ruddock's work, the news that she had ordered the destruction of all her research was as shocking as it seemed incomprehensible," Jones later wrote in a paper about Ruddock's discoveries.

Now it was left up to Jones and other historians to try to piece together what, if anything, Ruddock had discovered.

The main subject of Ruddock's lost studies was Zuan (Giovanni) Caboto, better known as John Cabot. Cabot was a Venetian citizen who made three voyages to the New World for England's Henry VII from the port of Bristol. Cabot's first voyage in 1496 turned back without reaching land. On his second, he made landfall on June 24, 1497, most likely somewhere in eastern Canada, becoming the first European mariner after the Norse known to have reached North America. (Columbus at that time had visited only the Caribbean islands.)

Of his third voyage, a five-ship expedition in 1498, little is known. Historians have long generally accepted that Cabot perished en route. Except possibly for one ship that put into Ireland with storm damage on the outbound leg, none of the vessels were known to have made it back.

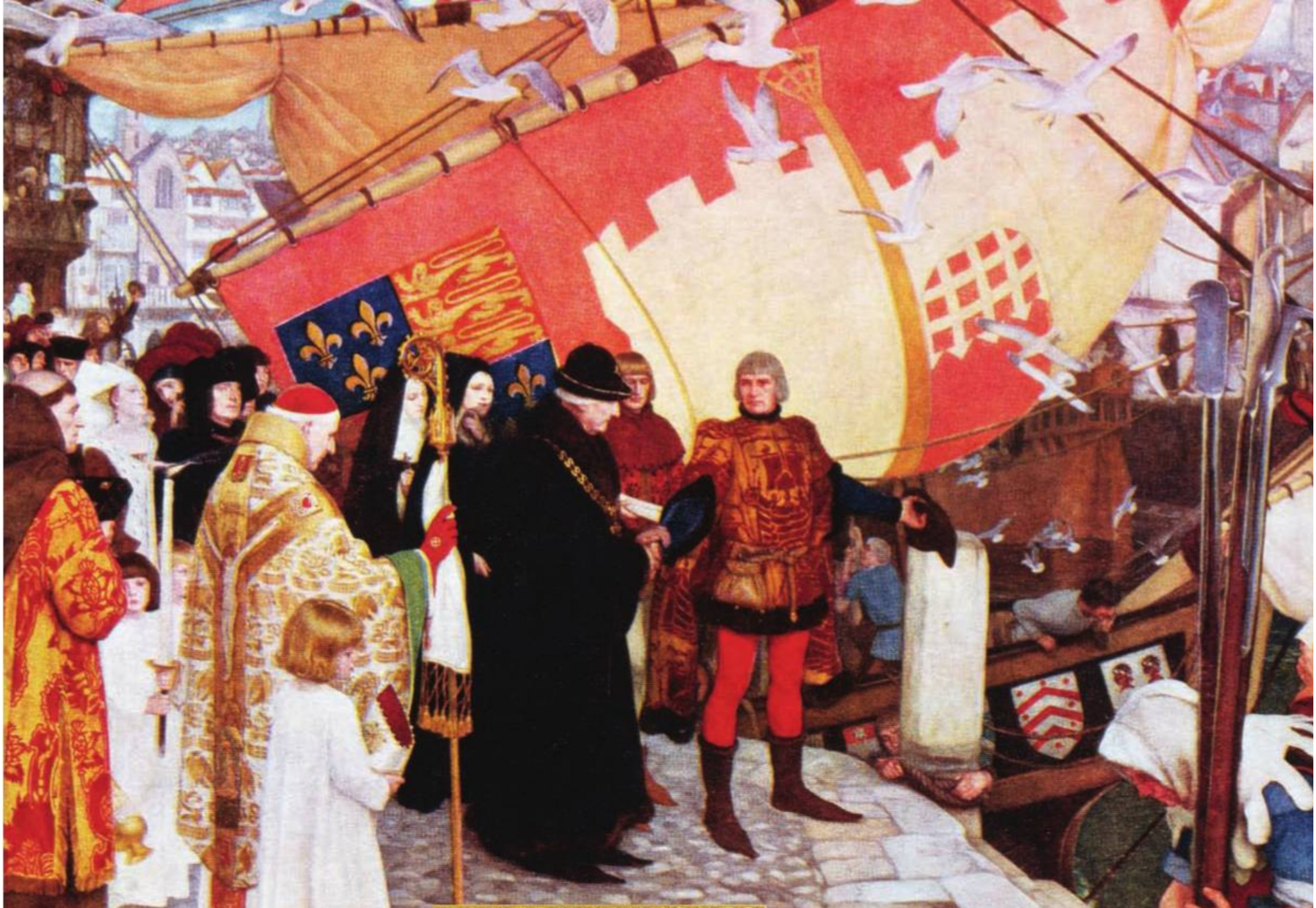
Ruddock had a different take on Cabot's 1498 voyage. She said she had located key information in public and private European archives that indicated Cabot didn't die on the 1498 expedition. Rather, he returned safely and was still alive in England in 1500. She also knew about a letter written on August 10, 1497 — which would have been the first recorded news of Cabot's success — that linked his voyage to Italian financiers.

Ruddock was also firm in her belief that Bristol mariners already had arrived in the New World before Cabot and Columbus —sometime *before* 1470. She was not the only scholar to suggest this — but, unlike the others, she claimed to have found proof in Italian and Spanish sources.

CORBIS

Another thing Ruddock intended to prove was that the first church in the New World was established at Conception Bay in Newfoundland. This claim, which has inspired one Newfoundland archaeologist to plan a search for evidence, suggests that an Italian cleric who sailed with Cabot in 1498 had stayed behind in Newfoundland and built the church. Ruddock believed Giovanni Antonio de Carbonariis (a.k.a. Giovanni Antonio Carbonaro) established it at the place now resonantly known as Carbonear. She also thought the Augustine friar had overwintered there and sailed up the Labrador coast the following year, making discoveries later attributed to a different voyage in the early sixteenth century.

Ruddock published only a few academic papers in her lifetime, yet her research skills were impeccable and scholars like David Beers (D.B.) Quinn took her ideas seriously. The Irish-born Quinn was a renowned scholar of early American exploration and colonization and a lifelong colleague of Ruddock. The two had a long correspondence, which lasted from the late 1930s until Quinn's death in 2002. Much of what we currently know about Ruddock's stillborn publishing plans and research endures in numerous letters preserved in



DIANA WOOD

Quinn's papers.

Her letters to Quinn refer often to her book on Cabot, which was well underway by 1966.

"The documents I've got on Cabot do alter our picture of everything rather radically," she wrote him on February 10, 1967.

However, her book kept changing its focus, or shifting between an academic and a popular work, or splitting into two books, and never appearing as promised. Tantalized by the prospect of a revolution in their understanding of North America's discovery, scholars waited for her to reveal her breakthroughs.

And waited. For decades. Historians like Quinn withheld some of their own work, fearing Ruddock's always-imminent revelations would render their efforts pointless and obsolete; some left the study area largely to her, knowing the head start she had and not wanting to invade her turf. Some young scholars avoided entering her field altogether.

Then she died, taking everything she knew with her.

Alwyn Ruddock established her reputation as an economic historian early in her career. Born in 1916 on the Isle of Wight, she attended Southampton's University College when Quinn was lecturing there in the late 1930s. Ruddock helped Quinn edit a two-volume work on customs accounts of Southampton during the reign of Edward IV. When the first volume came out in 1937, Ruddock was only twenty-one.

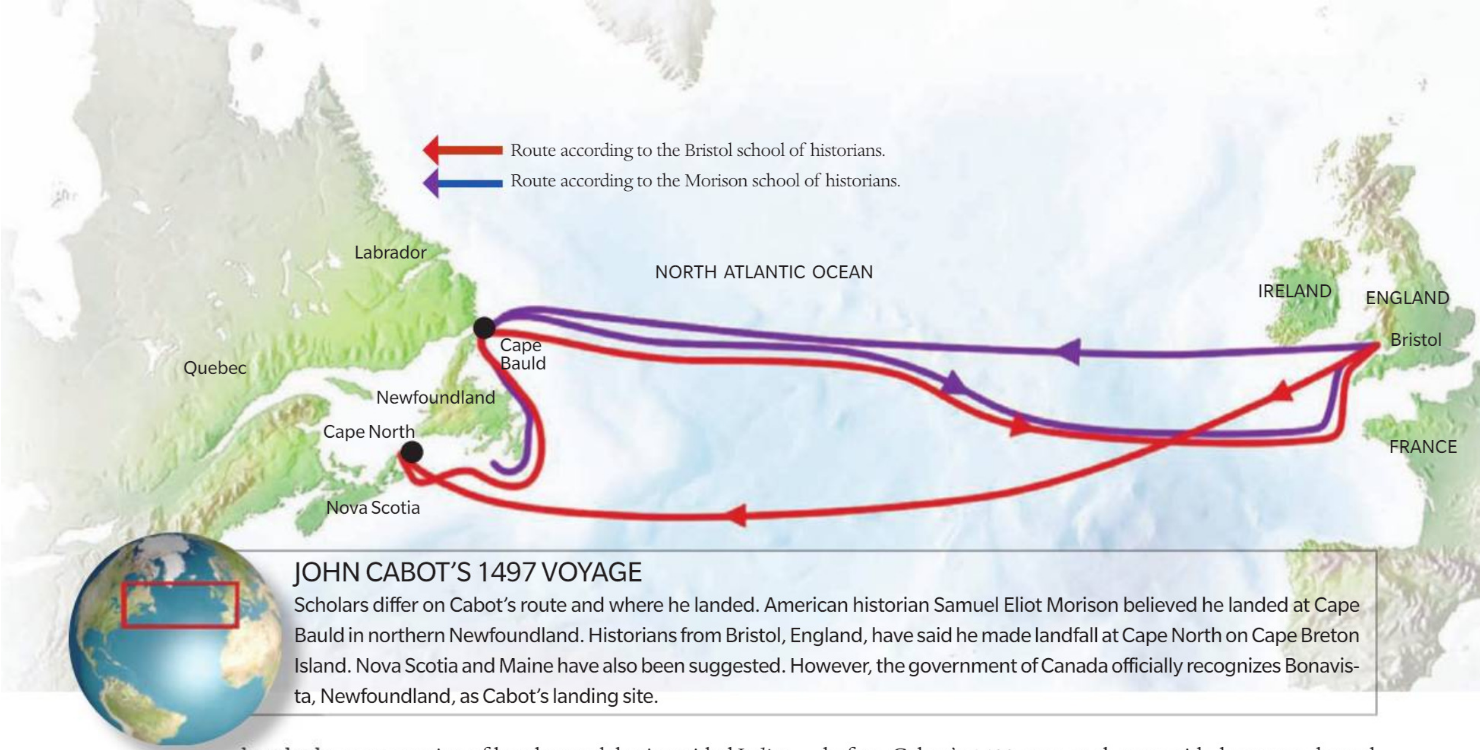
She began teaching in London at Birkbeck in 1946. She was appointed a "reader of history"— a position between senior lecturer and professor — in 1951. She remained in that position until she retired.

Her association with Quinn was long-standing but often brittle; she differed with him on theories of early English exploration, and chafed at the idea she was Quinn's protege. Her mentor was in fact Eileen Power, a leading economic historian who died in 1940.

In 1951, at age thirty-five, Ruddock published a three-

Above: ***The Departure of John and Sebastian Cabot from Bristol,*** **by Ernest Board, 1906.**

Left: Controversial historian Alwyn Amy Ruddock in 1993.


Route according to the Bristol school of historians.
Route according to the Morison school of historians.
Labrador
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
IRELAND
ENGLAND
Bristol
Cape Bauld
Quebec
Newfoundland
Cape North
Nova Scotia
FRANCE

JOHN CABOT'S 1497 VOYAGE

Scholars differ on Cabot's route and where he landed. American historian Samuel Eliot Morison believed he landed at Cape Bauld in northern Newfoundland. Historians from Bristol, England, have said he made landfall at Cape North on Cape Breton Island. Nova Scotia and Maine have also been suggested. However, the government of Canada officially recognizes Bonavista, Newfoundland, as Cabot's landing site.

hundred-page expansion of her doctoral thesis entitled *Italian Merchants and Shipping in Southampton, 1270*. This well-written and accessible work refutes the notion that Ruddock was incapable of turning research into book-length prose. But it was the last book she would ever publish.

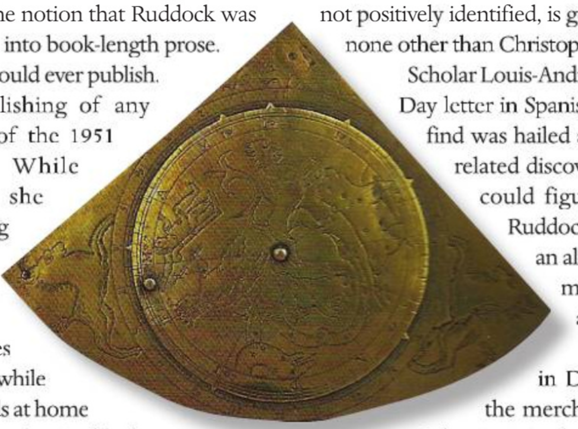
A ten-year lull in publishing of any kind followed the release of the 1951 Southampton volume. While her research continued, she accumulated a perplexing dossier of abandoned or stillborn projects, and may have planned a book about Italian merchant communities in the Mediterranean. It was while she was sifting through records at home and around the Mediterranean that Ruddock evidently happened upon references to Cabot, the most celebrated Italian navigator in England in the late fifteenth century.

This led to her splendid public debut in Cabot scholarship in 1966: an article for *The Geographical Journal* about John Day, an Englishman who wrote an undated letter at some point before Cabot's 1498 voyage that provided unprecedented detail about the 1497 voyage. Its recipient in Spain, while not positively identified, is generally accepted to have been none other than Christopher Columbus.

Scholar Louis-André Vigneras unearthed the John Day letter in Spanish archives in 1955. Vigneras's find was hailed as the most important Cabot-related discovery in a century, but nobody could figure out who John Day was. Ruddock proved that "John Day" was an alias used by prominent London merchant Hugh Say in his Bristol activities.

Her insights showed that, in Day, Columbus had a link to the merchant community surrounding Cabot in Bristol. Columbus thus was aware of Cabot's discovery of a significant landfall to the north of the Caribbean, and knew of this before he embarked on his third voyage in 1498 and sighted South America for the first time.

The Day / Say breakthrough affirmed Ruddock's status as a diligent researcher who could deliver the goods on Cabot. She ultimately claimed to have as many as twenty-three new



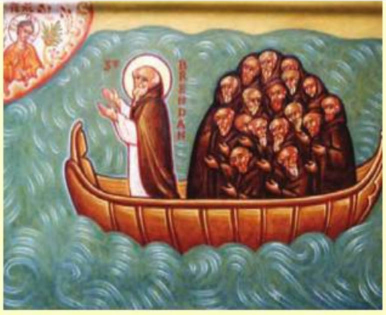
Right: Mariners in Cabot's time used quadrants similar to this one to determine latitude.

MICHEL ROULEAU

New World Found

The "discovery" of the New World has long been the subject of debate.

Aboriginals — Many anthropologists believe visitors to the New World arrived from Siberia at least 12,000 years ago via a land bridge across the Bering Strait. It's thought these ancestors of today's Aboriginal peoples eventually spread out to populate the Americas. Other theories suggest people from other parts of Asia and Polynesia arrived as far back as 30,000 years ago.



St. Brendan — Legend holds that Brendan the Voyager, an Irish monk born in County Kerry in 484, travelled to the New World with as many as 150 monks. According to the story, Brendan travelled for seven years before landing at a place he called Terra Repromissionis, or the Promised Land — a wonderful place filled with strange plants and animals.

documents relating to Cabot, which was an astounding haul, considering that the sum total of known documents relating to Cabot's voyages otherwise totals twenty-five.

She told Quinn she had enough material to write a book that she hoped to have out by Christmas of 1967. "The publishers are ready to go ahead the minute I complete the typescript," she wrote. But Christmas 1967 came and went without a book, and so did all of 1968. The book was back on again in December 1968, as she informed Quinn: "My work on Cabot & the Bristol men was temporarily held up … . but I believe I've [got] all the new material tied up now. Altogether it makes quite a nice sized book & I will be going to press about Easter." Despite her assurances, no book appeared.

In a letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* published July 3, 1969, Ruddock baldly announced "the publication early next year of my book on *Columbus, Cabot, and the English Discovery of America*." That same year, she included in a published paper footnote references to chapters in the forthcoming book. But the book didn't appear. The Quinn papers indicate she submitted a manuscript to Oxford University Press and that it was rejected.

It seems the story of the early exploration of the New World is going to require a rewrite.

She published two more important papers, one in 1969 on the 1480–81 Bristol voyage in search of the fabled island of Brasil, and another in 1974 on Cabot's son, Sebastian. In the years that followed, Ruddock continued to state her plans for a book, offering a host of reasons for delays and false starts: problems with getting difficult Italian translations just right; unsympathetic academic presses; pressures at Birkbeck; new documentary discoveries made by others about Cabot's life prior to the Bristol voyages that had to be incorporated.

Not even retirement removed the obstacles. Her husband, Vernon Southward, who worked for British Airways, retired in 1974, Ruddock in 1976. They relocated to a country home in West Sussex in the south of England. According to her friend Edith Mason, this was not ideal for historical research, since "visits to London presented travelling difficulties."

In the 1980s, Ruddock gave up on academic presses and secured an agent to try to produce a popular work. But this also failed.

Quinn, whose own output of academic and general-interest publications was just this side of monumental, was sympathetic. But even he lost patience.

"It is rather difficult for anyone else in this field to make progress until you have produced your documents," Quinn wrote in 1992. "I turned up recently a letter of yours of 1965 in which you said confidently that the documents and their context were almost complete and you expected to produce them very [soon]. That is 27 years ago."

For more about Cabot go to Canada's History.ca

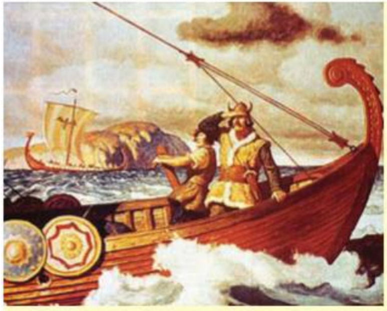
Quinn wanted her to place her new documents into the scholarly record first, and then write the book. But that was never going to happen. "I must publish in full myself before other folk begin using documents I have found, to prove or disprove God knows what," she informed Quinn in 1992.

Ruddock had been burned early in her career when another academic used her unpublished research without attribution. It also appears that hostile committees or individuals at academic presses may have thwarted her publishing plans. Oxford University Press, the Hakluyt Society, and Harvester Press all turned down her projects.

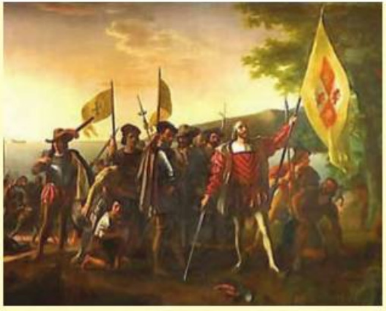
Quinn was still hoping she would also produce a book she had once planned on English merchants in the Mediterranean, something she had no intention of doing. Its destruction is to some as great a loss as the disappearance of her Cabot work. In a 1992 letter, Quinn rather bleakly offered: "I do hope to see one or both of these volumes before I die. The danger is that you might die also without publishing."

Her last chance to publish on John Cabot came with the University of Exeter Press (UEP), which she approached in October 1992 about writing a book that would be released in 1997, in time for the five-hundredth-anniversary celebrations of Cabot's discoveries. UEP signed her, after vetting her proposal with Quinn. By this time she was seventy-six years

What's certain is that over the centuries there have been many visitors to its shores.



Vikings — Viking sagas recount Leif Erikson's voyage circa 998 to a place he named Vinland. Like St. Brendan's voyage, the story was considered a myth until 1960, when evidence of a Norse settlement was found in northern Newfoundland.



Columbus — Every schoolchild knows the rhyme "In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue." Christopher Columbus was a Genoan navigator and explorer who famously headed across the Atlantic with three ships — the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria* — in search of a sea route to the Orient. He spotted land in October 1492. He mistook it for the East Indies, hence the name Indians for its inhabitants.

old and in failing health. The 1997 anniversary came and went without a single page of manuscript arriving, and Ruddock turned eighty-one.

The fear Quinn expressed in 1992 proved well-founded. He died in March 2002, never having seen a new Ruddock book nor knowing precisely what she had turned up all those years ago. She was still trying to produce a book that year, but time was catching up with her. Eighteen months after Quinn's death, Ruddock drafted her final will.

University of Bristol historian Evan Jones, standing here beneath a statue of John Cabot, is trying to piece together sensational research material about Cabot that was destroyed by the scholar who found it.

DAVE PRATT

"We've got a number of documents that support Ruddock's claims."

The question of why Alwyn Ruddock destroyed her life's work persists. Did she gradually succumb to dementia? According to Jones, the trustee who was assigned to obliterate Ruddock's work noted that while Ruddock had become increasingly frail and immobile in her later years, she remained mentally competent until at least October 2005, two years after the will was written, when she was admitted into a nursing home.

She stated in her will that she considered her findings her personal property. It's possible a letter from Quinn in 1992 sealed her decision. He warned her that if she didn't complete the Cabot book, another scholar might publish something based on her work after her death. To Ruddock, the thought of someone profiting from her hard-won research (particularly when her own publishing efforts had been rejected by scholarly houses), and drawing from it conclusions she would never support, would have been intolerable.

Having dug up so much of the past, she did her best to rebury it. Whatever she had discovered about Cabot and the Bristol mariners would have to be discovered all over again.

When Evan Jones confirmed in the spring of 2006 that Ruddock's papers had in fact been destroyed, he contacted the University of Exeter Press, hoping that a draft manuscript might have survived there. But all that UEP ever received from Ruddock was a seven-page synopsis and some supplementary notes. These included one-paragraph summaries of each chapter but did not cite a single source. Yet the synopsis revealed for the first time the astonishing scope of Ruddock's purported findings and was enough to reignite research on Cabot and the Bristol mariners.

Jones dissected the synopsis with the input of other scholars, and published his analysis in *Historical Research*, a leading British academic journal. Other researchers also went to work. Jeff Reed in Washington, D.C., had known Quinn well and had met Ruddock through him.

"It was clear to me that she was one of those people who, if she said she had found something, she had found it," Reed says. "Anyone who met Ruddock would quickly realize that she was a real old-fashioned archival scholar ... If I did not know how much Quinn respected Ruddock's scholarship, I'm not sure if I would have gotten involved in going through his papers."

Reed knew that Quinn's papers were in the U.S. Library of Congress in Washington. After getting into contact with Jones, he volunteered to investigate them. He discovered the considerable mass of unindexed correspondence relating to Ruddock, which he went to work transcribing.

Reed's mining of the Quinn papers led to another researcher — Margaret Condon. Condon was an assistant keeper at Britain's Public Record Office (now The National Archives) in the late 1970s when she came across two major new pieces of evidence.

The first was an undated letter from Henry VII ordering a stay of judicial proceedings against a Bristol merchant named William Weston, who was about to go on a voyage to the "new founde land," likely in 1499. The letter, which cannot have been written later than March 1500, contains the earliest recorded reference to what we now call Newfoundland. The other find was a 1502 record of a payment of £100 of Henry's money to Hugh Elliot of Bristol and his associates, a reward that offset their costs of a two-ship voyage to the "new found isle."

Weston, otherwise unheard of, appeared to be the first Englishman known to have commanded a voyage (provided it actually sailed) to the New World — Cabot having been Italian. Discovery history had a whole new discoverer.

Condon's finds came to the attention of Quinn, who proposed that they write a paper together. He produced a draft in 1981 but then set it aside, for depressingly familiar reasons.

"One reason I held back," he wrote to Condon in 1985, "was because I hoped against hope that Alwyn Ruddock would at last get out her book on Columbus and Cabot, but there is no sign of it after another four years so I do not feel any compunction about publishing in what she regards as her area." Nevertheless, he continued to hold off, and the joint paper went unpublished. Only in 2007, when Reed looked into the Quinn papers, did Condon's findings emerge.

Her forgotten discoveries finally received the attention they (and Condon) long deserved when Jones published a paper on them in *Historical Research* in August 2009.

Working with Jones on a research collaboration called the Cabot Project, she has since made new discoveries in The National Archives, including a reward from Henry VII to William Weston in 1500 for his voyage to the New Found Land, which confirms that Weston did go in 1499. "We also have a reward to William Weston in January 1498," says Jones, "which pretty much confirms his earlier involvement with Cabot and suggests that he accompanied the Venetian on his first voyage to North America."

As for the 1498 voyage, its fate is no longer quite so shrouded in mystery. "We've got a number of documents that support Ruddock's claims about the return of Cabot's 1498 voyage," says Jones. "And we have documents that seem to put John Cabot, mentioned by name, back in London by May 1500."

Jones can't say more until the documents have been published in a peer-reviewed journal. In the meantime, he is keeping the public informed through his project webpage.

Ruddock's assertion in her synopsis that Giovanni Antonio de Carbonariis was an Augustinian, a fact previously unknown, has proven correct, raising hope that her other claims related to the cleric and to Cabot's Italian financiers might also bear out.

"I'm confident that during this search [more] material will be discovered that Ruddock didn't know about," Jones adds.

It seems the story of the early exploration of the New World is going to require a rewrite.

Meanwhile, over in the "new founde land," archaeologist Peter Pope of Memorial University, who has been associated with Jones' Ruddock investigation, is contemplating a search at Carbonear for the settlement that Ruddock said de Carbonariis built in 1498.

"It's really starting to look like she wasn't off the wall," Pope says. He believes that finding any verifiable trace of Carbonariis' presence at Carbonear is "a real long shot. But because the claim is so astounding, it ups the ante and makes searching worth the gamble."

Even if he doesn't find evidence of de Carbonariis, he believes there's a good chance he will discover other things from the early sixteenth century that would make the dig effort worthwhile.

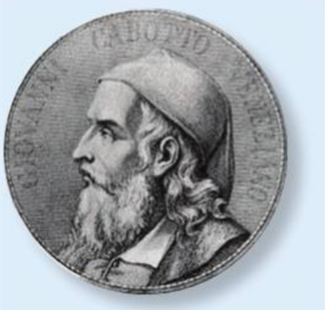
And so what began as a project to recover a scholar's lost materials has become a research effort in its own right. John Cabot and the Bristol mariners have returned to the active front of scholarly research.

They've been away for an awfully long time, but it's good to have them back.

Et Cetera

John Cabot and the Matthew by Ian Wilson. Breakwater, St. John's, Newfoundland, 1996.

The Many Landfalls of John Cabot by Peter Edward Pope. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1997.



The Life of John Cabot

Birth: Born about 1455 in Italy, where he was known as Giovanni Caboto. He was a merchant who became an expert mariner while trading in spices and other valuable goods.

1490: He moved to Valencia, Spain, probably hoping to be at the forefront of exploration for a quick route to the spice markets of Asia. But he failed to find backers among the Spanish or Portuguese after Christopher Columbus reached the Bahamas in 1492.

1494 or 1495: Cabot and his family moved to Bristol, England, where he petitioned the king and local merchants to support a voyage to discover a better route to Asia by sailing west across the North Atlantic.

1496: With financial backing from Bristol merchants and authorization from Henry VII, Cabot made his first try. He ran short of food, encountered bad weather, and had disagreements with the crew, causing him to turn back.

1497: Cabot made his second attempt, sailing across the Atlantic in the *Matthew* and reaching land in what was probably modern-day Atlantic Canada. He left Bristol in May and was back by August 6.

1498: Cabot again sailed to the New World, taking five vessels. It was believed he died during this voyage, either by shipwreck, by starvation, or at the hands of the Beothuks or the Spanish. However, new evidence suggests he returned to England and was still alive in 1500.

Kings of the New World

Four Native leaders arrived in London in 1710 to a splendid royal welcome. That was a change. Earlier Aboriginals in Europe were often unhappy kidnap victims. by Nelle Oosterom

Tucked away in the vaults of Library and Archives Canada's Portrait Gallery is a set of remarkable paintings that the Canadian public rarely gets a chance to see. Known as the Four Indian Kings, *these full-length colour oil paintings of Aboriginal men oddly dressed in capes and tunics will be seen in Canada in 2010, their first public showing in this country in more than twenty years.*

Created in 1710 by an obscure Dutch artist while the Native men were visiting London as diplomatic envoys, the paintings — and the story behind them — continue to fascinate us. Up until that time, North American indigenous people who found themselves in Europe were usually there under duress — as curiosities at best, as slaves at worst. These "Indian Kings" were different — they were treated like people who wielded real power.

What everyone noticed about the men as they entered St. James's Palace on April 19, 1710, was that they were exceptionally tall, strong, and in perfect health. Dressed in partial English fashion in freshly tailored waistcoats, breeches and stockings, with scarlet cloaks around their shoulders and buckled shoes on their feet, the four Native leaders from the New World dwarfed their European hosts. The contrast between these "men of good presence," as one observer of the time called them, and the ailing queen they had come to make entreaties of was especially jarring.

Queen Anne sat on her throne to receive the chiefs, which was just as well, since standing was almost impossible for her. Gout, obesity, and other health problems had left her essentially immobile. Besides feeling uncomfortable, she was unhappy. She was a widow at forty-five, and she was childless, despite having been pregnant about eighteen times. A succession of miscarriages, stillbirths, and early child deaths had taken their heartbreaking toll.

At home, internal political machinations took up much of her time. Abroad, her armies were busy fighting the War of the Spanish Succession. Part of that conflict's vast battleground included North America, where it was known as Queen Anne's War.

Focusing the queen's attention on the war named after her was the main purpose of bringing these powerful-looking men to London. These men represented England's allies in the New World. England needed them in its conflict with New France and its Native allies.

Their Christian names were Hendrick, Brant, John, and Nicholas. Their introductions to the queen were much longer and grander-sounding: Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row of

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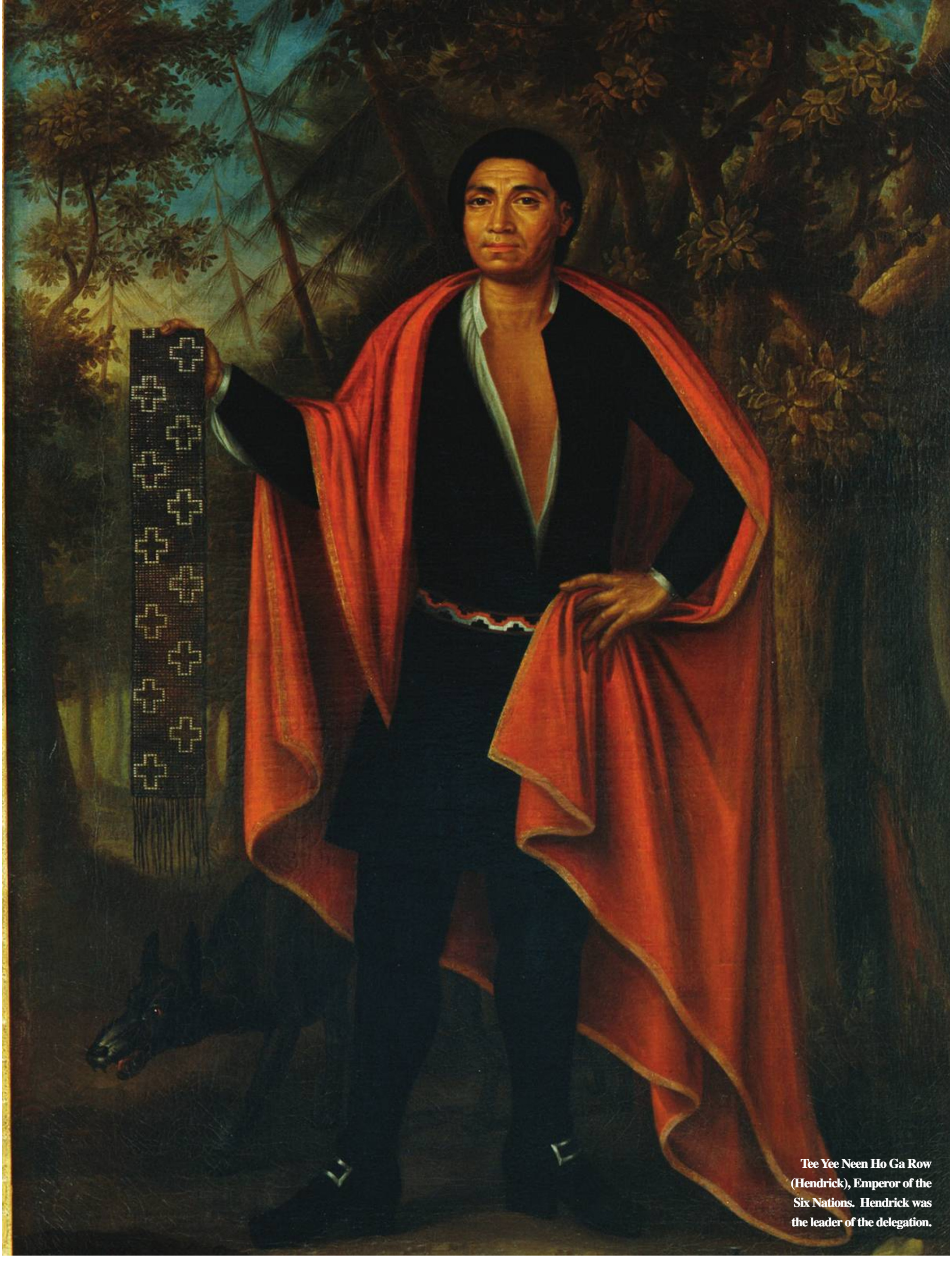
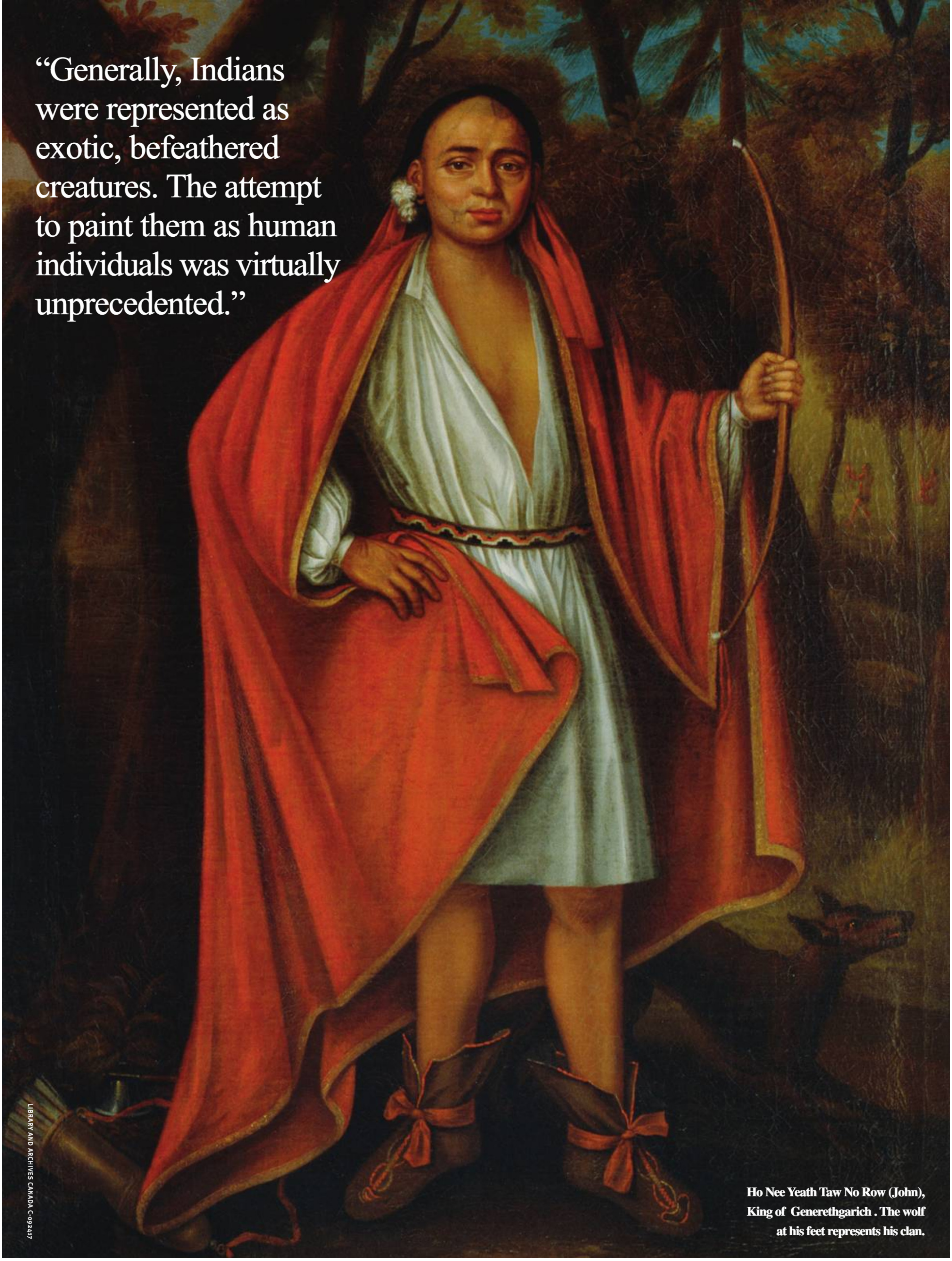


Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row (Hendrick), Emperor of the Six Nations. Hendrick was the leader of the delegation.

“Generally, Indians were represented as exotic, befeathered creatures. The attempt to paint them as human individuals was virtually unprecedented.”



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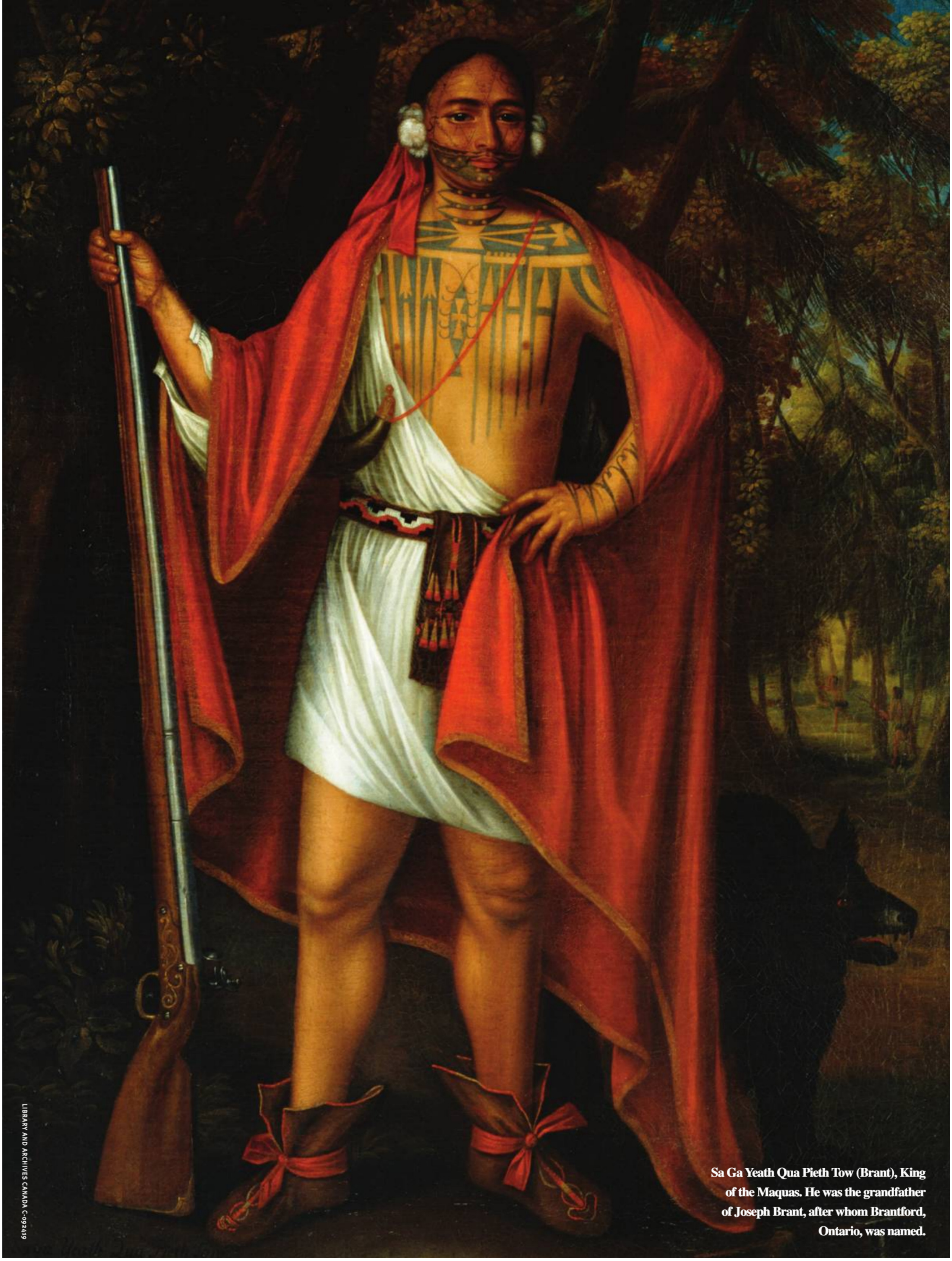
Ho Nee Yeath Taw No Row (John), King of Generethgarich . The wolf at his feet represents his clan.



Sa Ga Yeath Qua Pieth Tow (Brant), King of the Maquas. He was the grandfather of Joseph Brant, after whom Brantford, Ontario, was named.

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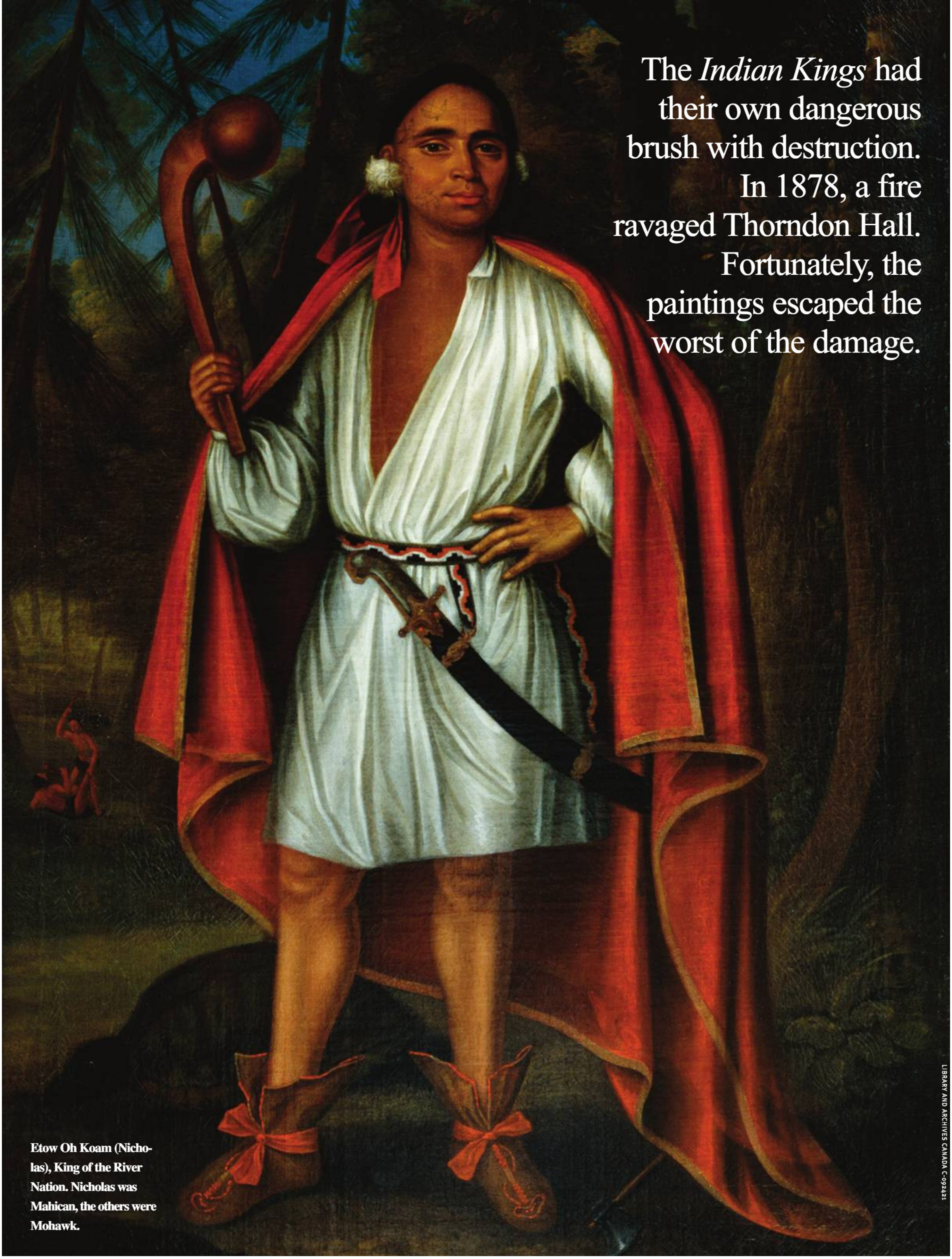
The *Indian Kings* had their own dangerous brush with destruction. In 1878, a fire ravaged Thorndon Hall. Fortunately, the paintings escaped the worst of the damage.



Etow Oh Koam (Nicholas), King of the River Nation. Nicholas was Mahican, the others were Mohawk.

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the wolf clan, Emperor of the Six Nations and leader of the delegation (Hendrick); Sa Ga Yeath Qua Pieth Tow of the bear clan, King of the Maquas (Brant); Ho Nee Yeath Taw No Row of the wolf clan, King of the Generethgarich (John); and Etow Oh Koam of the tortoise clan, King of the River Nation (Nicholas).

Standing to the side was one of the men responsible for bringing then to England — Peter Schuyler, a colonial government official in Albany, New York. It was Schuyler who had talked the men — three Mohawks and a Mahican (Nicholas) — into making the trip. Schuyler believed that an appeal for more ships, troops, and arms to defeat the French in Quebec would arouse more sympathy if it came from these Native leaders, who were known as sachems.

"Great queen," began the speech from the sachems. "We have undertaken a long and tedious voyage, which none of our predecessors could be prevailed upon to undertake." They went on to describe how "we have been as a strong wall for [the English settlers'] security even to the lives of our best men," but that without help they would not be able resist the French and Huron forces.

Queen Anne may have sighed inwardly to hear this familiar request for more military help — yet another drain on the royal treasury. But she likely perked up when the sachems, through an interpreter, asked for Protestant missionaries to be sent to instruct them in Christianity. This would have been close to her heart, for the suffering monarch — who would be dead in four years — found great solace in religion.

She arranged to send missionaries, communion silver, and copies of the Bible. She plied the sachems with other gifts as well, such as kettles, looking glasses, a magic lantern, and four hundred pounds of gunpowder. And, happily for Schulyer and the beleaguered settlers back in New England, she committed ships and men for an invasion of Quebec.

The monarch made sure the sachems were well entertained during their stay. They took in theatrical performances, bear fights, wrestling matches, and sumptuous banquets. They toured London's finest shops, floated down the Thames in the queen's barge, visited the royal astronomer, and worshipped at St. John's Cathedral.

Sometime during this whirlwind of activity, they managed to sit still, briefly, to have their official portraits painted.

Artist John Verelst had to work fast. In all likelihood he only had enough time to sketch their faces. The rest would be filled in later.

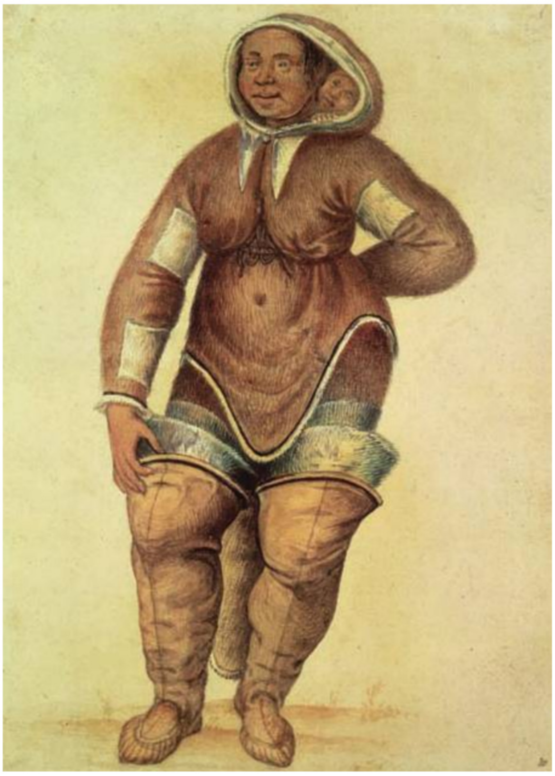
"The problem Verelst faced, beyond the purely mechanical problem of putting the pieces together to make a satisfactory whole, was how to indicate the origin and status of these four royal visitors," writes John G. Garratt in *The Four Indian Kings* (1985). "Were they merely curiosities or were they serious envoys of a respected power? ... Generally, Indians were represented as exotic, befeathered creatures. The attempt to paint them as human individuals was virtually unprecedented."

Indigenous people from North America had been seen and documented in Europe long before the four chiefs visited.

Verelst might have known about some obscure sketches made of an Inuit woman and child who ended up in the Netherlands in 1567 after having been kidnapped by French sailors in Labrador. The owners of an inn in The Hague had charged admission to see the mother and daughter dressed in their sealskins.

Verelst also would likely have been familiar with some renderings done by John White, a member of English explorer Martin Frobisher's Arctic expeditions in 1576 and 1577. White created portraits of Kalicho, Arnaq, and Nutaaq — an Inuit man, woman, and child whom Frobisher captured and took to Britain. Unfortunately, all three died within a few weeks of arriving in England, probably of infections against which they had no immunity.

Another Aboriginal portrait of which Verelst might have been aware was one of Pocahontas done by Dutch engraver Simon van de Passe. Pocahontas, the daughter of a Powhatan chief, is well known in American folklore for assisting the struggling settlers of Jamestown, Virginia. She married tobacco grower John Rolfe and in 1616 accompanied him on a visit to England, where she became an instant celebrity. Alas, Rebecca Rolfe, as she was known, succumbed to some European disease less than a year after landing in England. She was twenty-two.



BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

Arnaq and her child Nutaaq (peaking out of the parka hood) were captured by explorer Martin Frobisher in 1577 and taken to England, where they soon died.

Van de Passe's portrait puts her in a ruffed collar and a Puritan-style hat — she looks nothing like the Pocahontas of today's Disney fame.

Other Native people who had been seen in Europe at that time included Tisquantum, a.k.a. Squanto, who famously helped the Puritans in Plymouth survive after their first terrible winter. Squanto was a Wampanoag from present-day Massachusetts who was twice kidnapped by the English and taken to Europe. He barely escaped slavery in Spain.

Explorer Jacques Cartier was not above kidnapping, either — he abducted an Iroquoian chief's sons and sent them to France to be trained as interpreters.

The "Four Indian Kings" of 1710 could count themselves lucky: They were in England voluntarily; their visit was entertaining but brief — from April 1 to May 14 — and there are no reports that they contracted any of the serious infections, such as smallpox, that thrived in the filth and crowds of London.

Verelst portrayed the sachems the way he would have painted any nobleman. He put them in an authoritative standing pose, wearing classical clothing and surrounded by the symbols of their occupation and status. The guns and bows of hunting and war craft are part of the picture; so are the animals representing their clans.

The result is strangely arresting.

Writes Garratt: "It is just because they do exist uneasily between the alien and the ordinary, between the New World and the Old, that they linger in the mind's eye. From within the stiff conventional poses, something strange looks out, reminiscent of all that has gone on between Indians and Europeans, of all that has been lost and won."

Nicholas, Hendrick, John, and Brant lingered in British society long after their ship, the HMS *Dragon*, had transported them home. Their speech to the queen was printed and reprinted, their portraits were engraved in mezzotint so that they could be reproduced, and a ballad concerning the youngest sachem's supposed attachment to a woman he saw walking in St. James Park proved popular well into the nineteenth century.

Although the sachems' own impressions are not reliably recorded, writers of the time did not hesitate to imagine what went through their minds. For instance, *The Spectator,* a periodical published in London, quoted Hendrick as finding the clothing of the English "very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures."

They were held up as ideal, "natural men." One anonymous writer supposed that their wholesome way of life freed them from "those indispositions our Luxury brings upon us," such as "gout, dropsy [edema], or gravel [kidney stones]."

They were not invulnerable, though. In fact, Brant died soon after returning to North America; what he died of is unknown. His name lives on today in the city of Brantford, Ontario. His grandson was the famous Mohawk leader Joseph Brant, a Loyalist who fled to Canada after the American Revolution.

Nicholas and John melted into obscurity after returning home. But Hendrick lived a long and influential life, eventually returning to England in 1740, where he had an audience with King George II.

Hendrick continued to play an important role in colonial affairs. Thomas More — a naturalist who had met Hendrick in London in 1710 — wrote of meeting him again at a conference in Boston ten years later: "He is now a Polite Gentleman Baptized, a Zealous Christian apparelled as we, speaks pretty good English and Scarsely distinguishable from an Englishman but by his tawny complexion…."

Hendrick would have been an old man when he died fighting the French at the battle of Lake George in 1755.

Fighting the French had, of course, been the original impetus for the sachems' visit to London in 1710. Queen Anne did, as promised, send a fleet of warships to Boston in 1711. Sixty vessels under the command of Sir Hovenden Walker sailed towards Quebec but lost their bearings in the St. Lawrence. Many of the ships ran aground on Ile-aux-Oeufs and at least eight transports were wrecked. Conceding defeat without even firing a shot, the rest of the fleet drifted home.

Verelst's now-famous portraits of the Native sachems had their own dangerous brush with destruction. Originally hung in Kensington Palace, they were at some point moved to Hampton Court, another royal palace in London. By 1851, they had left the royal household for a new home in the private collection of Lord Petre of Thorndon Hall, Essex. In 1878, a fire ravaged Thorndon Hall. Fortunately, the paintings escaped the worst of the damage and were cleaned and restored.

The paintings remained with the Petre family until 1977, when they were purchased by the Public Archives of Canada (now Library and Archives Canada). They have not been shown in Canada as a group since an exhibition in Halifax in 1989.

Senior LAC curator Eva Major-Marothy calls the *Indian Kings* paintings "among the most significant treasures held by Library and Archives Canada."

Yet, most of the time they are in storage, along with about 20,000 other portraits. All of these were to have been part of the new national portrait gallery that was announced in 2001 by the Liberal government of Jean Chretien. Construction of the gallery has been stalled under Stephen Harper's Conservative government.

The public showings scheduled for this year are a rare opportunity to glimpse the faces of the men who were regarded with great awe by Europeans three centuries ago … and who continue to amaze us still.

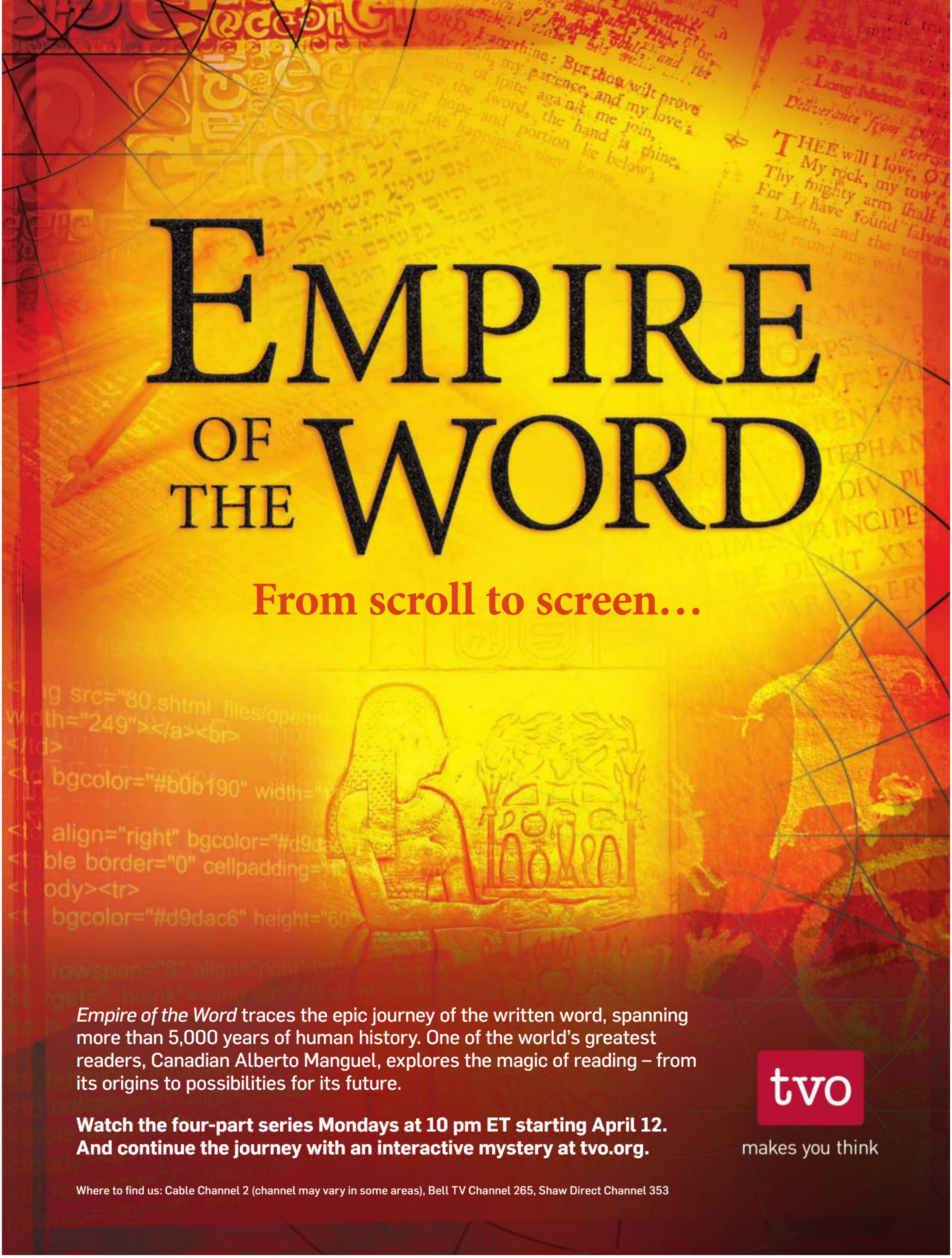
Nelle Oosterom is the Associate Editor of *Canada's History*.

Et Cetera

The Four Kings by John G. Garratt. Canadian Government Printing Centre, Ottawa, 1985.

Queen Anne's American Kings by Richmond P. Bond. Octagon Books, New York, 1974. (Originally published in 1952 by Clarendon Press.)

"The Four Kings Came To Dinner With Their Honours" by Malvina Bolus. *The Beaver* 304: 4-11, 1973.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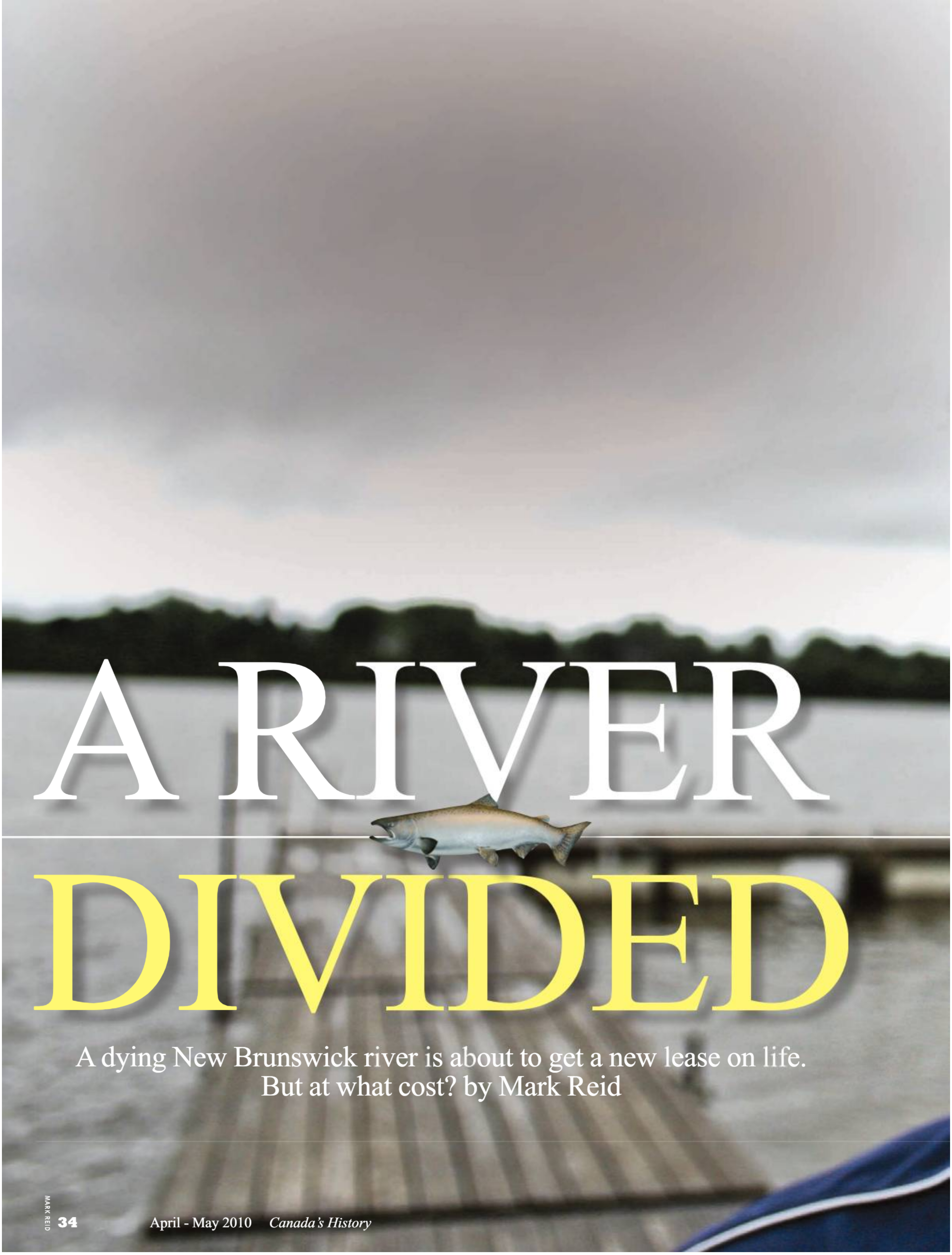
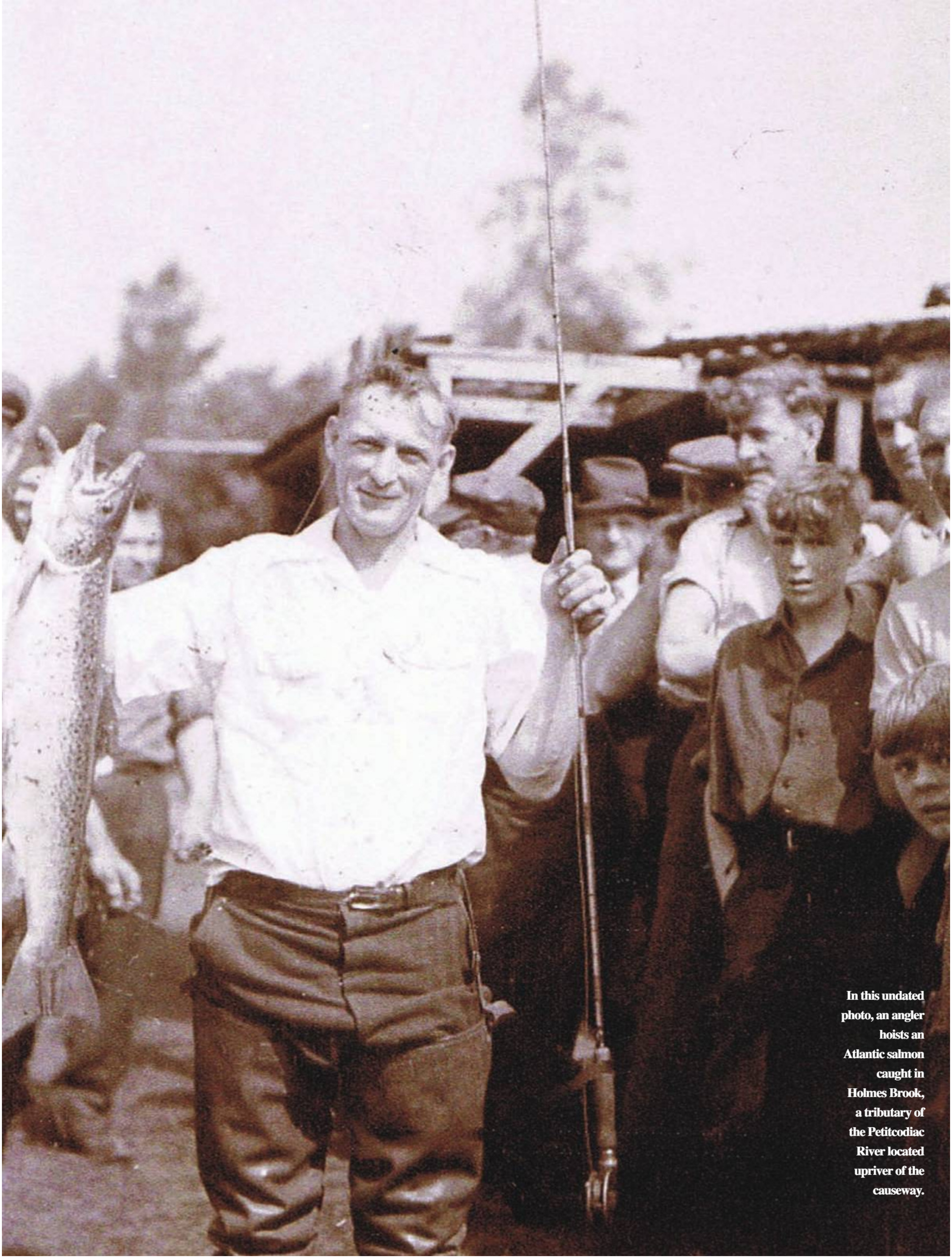


MARK REID

A RIVER DIVIDED

A dying New Brunswick river is about to get a new lease on life. But at what cost? by Mark Reid

Jim Sellars stands on a dock at the Lake Petitcodiac marina in Greater Moncton. The artificial lake was created in 1968 when the Petitcodiac River was dammed with a causeway.



In this undated photo, an angler hoists an Atlantic salmon caught in Holmes Brook, a tributary of the Petitcodiac River located upriver of the causeway.

There was a town with a short-term plan,
They couldn't wait to cut the ribbon.
They had their eyes on the money and the land,
So they choked the mighty river.
— from *Causeway, No Way* by Les Païens.

Call them snapshots of a dying river**.**

Sepia-coloured scenes from a historic archive fill a computer screen, depicting moments that have almost faded from living memory. In one, tall ships lay listlessly on a muddy riverbed, awaiting the tide. Another shows an angler proudly grinning as he holds an Atlantic salmon snatched from a tributary of the Petitcodiac River. The fish is as long as his arm.

The salmon are all but gone now, as are the fishermen. The river is almost gone as well.

Just over forty years ago, the New Brunswick government dammed the Petitcodiac with a causeway in order to link the town of Riverview with the much larger city of Moncton.

But what was intended to strengthen the bonds between the two communities has ended up dividing them.

This spring, after more than four decades of fighting over the fate of the river, local residents will stand by as Department of Transportation workers drive down to the 500-metre-long causeway and open a small section of gates at its southern end. Water will explode through the opening and the river will finally run free — the first stage of a longer-term plan to replace the causeway with a multimillion-dollar bridge.

On one side are local artists and activists who see the river as a living thing injured by the excesses of mankind. They see this as a chance to rewrite history.

"When I look at the Petitcodiac, I see a river that's been sick for a while — a river that was never given a fighting chance from the get-go," says Marc "Chops" Arsenault, bassist with the Acadian band Les Païens. Arsenault has spent more than a decade pushing for the removal of the causeway. "We have to take pride in this river. It needs all the help it can get."

On the other side are the homeowners who live along the banks of the artificial lake that formed upriver from the causeway once the river was dammed. For years, they've tried everything to protect their fake lake from being drained. They've lobbied politicians and held town hall meetings. They've touted the tourism and recreation benefits of beautiful, blue "Lake Petitcodiac." They've even threatened legal action.

What they haven't been able to do is find an effective counter to the compelling portrait painted by activists like Arsenault of a resurrected river finally freed of its man-made fetters.

Now, on the eve of the gate's opening, they're frustrated.

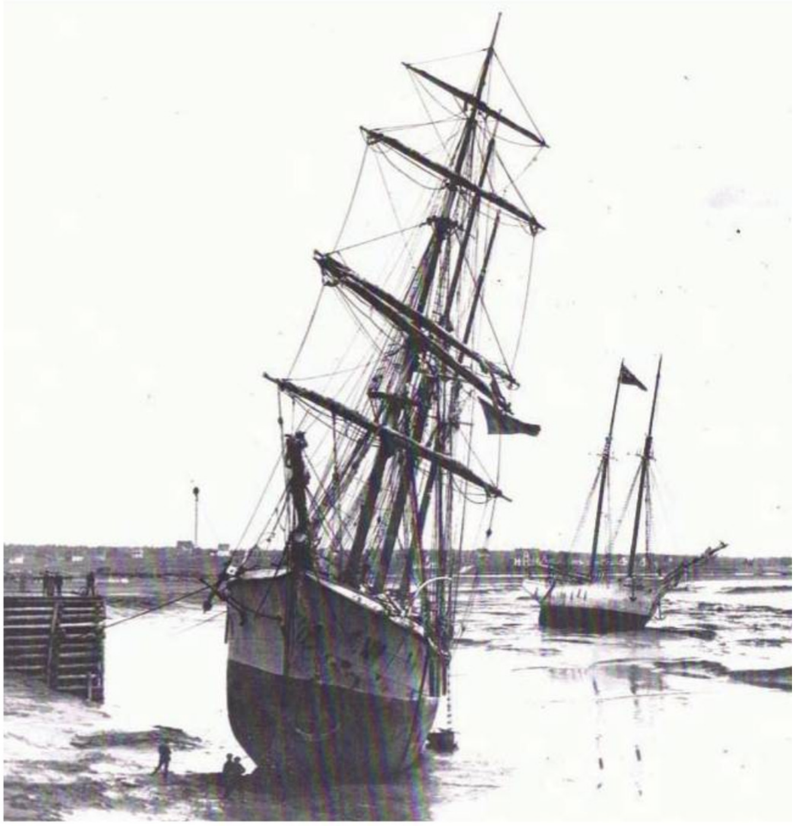
"This touchy-feely foolishness … it doesn't have anything to do with reality," fumes Jim Sellars, president of the Petitcodiac Citizens Coalition, a group that wants the causeway kept in place and its gates permanently closed. "We have this beautiful lake that people have built their homes around. It's been there for forty years. You just can't open the gates and say 'let's see what happens.' That's not the answer."

COURTESY PETITCODIAC RIVERKEEPER

It's fillin in, it's risin up,
Can you see the angry mud?
It's fillin in, it's risin up,
Here it comes the mighty flood.
— from *Causeway, No Way* by Les Païens.

The Mi'kmaq called it Pet-Kout-Koy-ek, "the river that bends**."** It's a muddy ribbon of sluggish water that snakes through southeastern New Brunswick before emptying into the Bay of Fundy.

Some call it the Chocolate River because of its unique colour, caused by millions of tonnes of suspended silt particles. Scientists say powerful tidal action sends the silt into suspension. But Mi'kmaq legend tells a different tale.



COURTESY PETITCODIAC RIVERKEEPER

The tall ships *Elise* and *Basil* lay on the river bottom of the Petitcodiac, awaiting high tide. The photo was taken in 1907.

According to one story, the Petitcodiac's waters were originally crystal-clear. But Eel grew selfish, drove all the other river creatures into the bay, and then claimed the Petitcodiac for himself.

When Glooscap — the mythological hero of the Mi'kmaq — learned of this, he was furious. He sent giant Lobster to fight Eel and a terrible battle ensued. Lobster emerged victorious, but at a cost — the fight had churned up the muddy riverbanks, forever staining the water.

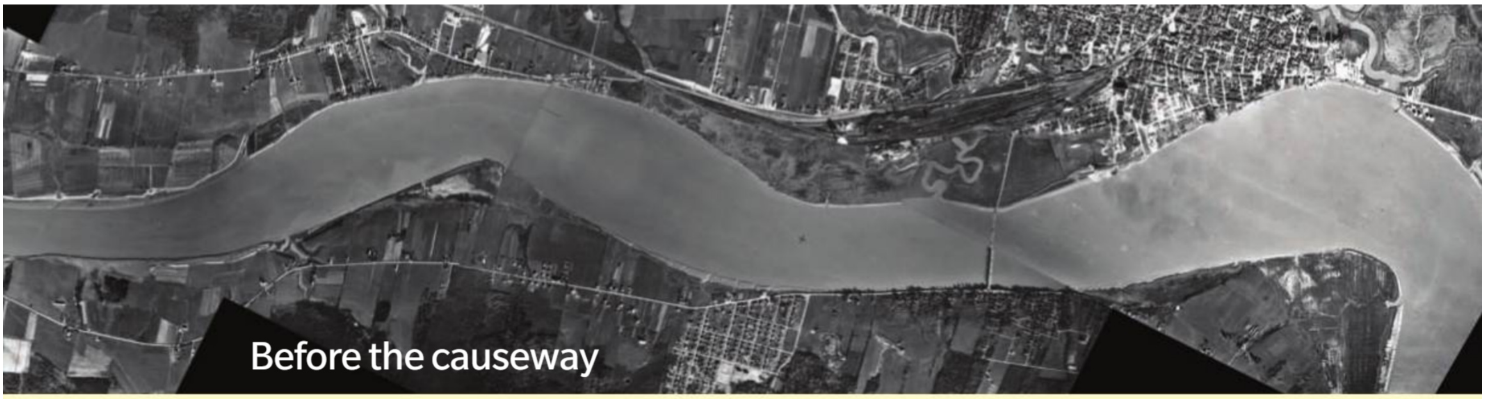
A key hunting ground for First Nations, the Petitcodiac region became a battleground after Acadians colonized the area in the seventeenth century. During the expulsions carried out by the British from 1755 to 1763, these “French neutrals” saw their farms, villages, and crops put to the torch. Livestock was stolen or slaughtered, while the Acadian people were herded onto ships and banished to all parts of the globe.

Some, like Joseph Broussard, fought back. Broussard fled from the Redcoats and then waged a campaign of guerrilla resistance, both on land and at sea on the Bay of Fundy.

“They fought the English all along the river, even though they had no chance of winning because of the army the English had,” says Samuel Arsenault, a retired Université de Moncton professor with a Ph.D. in historical geography.

When they weren’t fighting each other, the colonizers were battling the river itself in an effort to tame the highest tides in the world.

The awesome power of the Petitcodiac’s tidal bore was described back in 1812 by Monsignor Plessis, a bishop from Quebec: “At Peticoudiac [sic], it can be heard coming from very far away, making a loud noise. It is a furious torrent, rising six to ten feet above the level of the river, running up with a rolling motion and terrible sounds of smashing.”



Before the causeway

This 1954 aerial photograph shows the Petitcodiac River at high tide. The city of Moncton is shown on the upper right-hand corner. The community of Riverview is on the opposite side of the river. The two communities are connected by the Gunningsville Bridge, shown in the middle of the photo.

Dikes and dams were built all along the watershed, holding back the tides and transforming marshes into rich farmland.

Much agricultural land was still prone to flooding, however, and that’s part of what prompted the provincial Liberal government of Louis Robichaud to build the mother of all dikes in 1968. The half-kilometre-long causeway of rock and gravel effectively dammed the Petitcodiac at Moncton.

Politicians sold the project as a sign of progress. Not only would the causeway control flooding and provide a vital road link, it would also transform the muddy water above the dam into a sparkling blue lake, perfect for recreation. Greater Moncton suddenly had an attractive lakefront.

“People started settling along the lake and properties became valuable because of access along the water,” says Samuel Arsenault.

It seemed too good to be true — and of course it was.

The scientists and engineers who planned the causeway had made a profound miscalculation. They didn’t figure on the amount of silt that would collect downstream from the causeway. Silt normally travelled far upstream, and then back again, staying in suspension with the daily movement of the tide. Now the silt stopped at the causeway and collected on the riverbanks.

To walk along Greater Moncton’s “riverfront” today is to witness a landscape transformed. Strangled by mud, the river at low tide has been reduced to a strand of water surrounded by an expanse of mucky salt flats that are, in places, more than five metres deep.

Another thing that went wrong was that the structure built to ensure that fish could continue to migrate didn’t work. The vertical slot fishway, as it is known, was built to comply with Section 22 of the Federal Fisheries Act. It was supposed to allow fish such as salmon to go upstream to spawn.

Alarms were sounded as early as 1969 that this just wasn’t going to work. That year, federal biologist R.L. Butler warned that the causeway would likely hurt fish stocks. A series of reports in 1969, 1970, and 1972 confirmed his fears. Within four years of the causeway’s creation, salmon counts plummeted by seventy-five per cent, while populations of shad, sea-run brook trout, and striped bass were effectively wiped out.

Scott Gibson, a project manager with the New Brunswick Department of Supply and Services who is overseeing the causeway removal project, admits the province has been in violation of the Federal Fisheries Act since the causeway’s construction.

“The fish passage never worked properly due to the combination of siltation from high sediment loads in the tidal water, low fresh water flow from the river, and the variety of fish sizes that use the river system,” says Gibson.

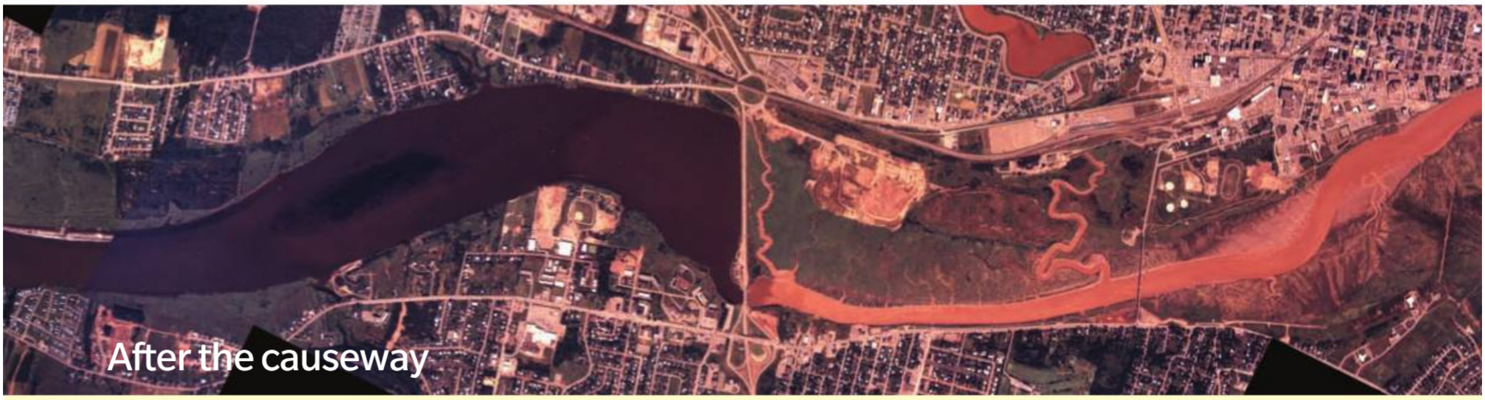
At the time the causeway was built, damming projects were not unusual. Of the forty-four major rivers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick that empty into the Bay of Fundy, twenty-five have some sort of tidal barrier blocking them.

Since 1969, at least 132 scientific reports have been filed about the Petitcodiac River, detailing the environmental impacts of the causeway and offering options for resuscitating the river. The suggestions have ranged from seasonally opening the causeway gates to allow migrating fish to pass, to completely removing the causeway and replacing it with a bridge.

Ripping out the causeway may seem like the easiest route to restoration, but it isn't that simple.

Just downriver of the causeway sits the former Moncton landfill site, a dump operated from 1971 to 1992 that was foolishly situated along the riverbank just outside the downtown area. Covering about thirty-five hectares, the garbage is up to twelve metres thick. The city has capped the dump with dirt and turned it into park space, but beneath the ground contaminants leach daily into the Petitcodiac and out to sea. If the causeway is removed, those contaminants will flow freely upstream.

Meanwhile, on the Riverview side, thousands of litres of primary-treated sewage spews daily into the Petitcodiac from "Outhouse Point," home of the Greater Moncton waste treatment plant. Today, that sewage flows upriver on the tide only to be halted at the causeway. Remove the causeway and the sewage will continuing travelling upriver for kilometres.



In this 1996 aerial shot, the river downstream of the causeway is clogged with silt. Upriver, Lake Petitcodiac is filled with clear, blue water. The former Moncton landfill site is located just to the upper right of the causeway. The city wastewater treatment plant is located at the far right of the photograph, on the Riverview side of the Petitcodiac.

Over the years, governments, both Liberal and Progressive Conservative, have commissioned studies on the causeway, then shelved the reports, taking no action.

So people like Jim Sellars, whose property backs on to Lake Petitcodiac, became confident that no government would trade beautiful Lake Petitcodiac for a muddy, polluted river.

Thus, an announcement in 2008 by the Liberal government of Shawn Graham left Sellars in shock. Graham declared that the causeway would be replaced with a 280-metre-long bridge. This was followed up the next summer with an initial $20-million pledge to begin the estimated $68-million causeway removal project.

"I'm very concerned about the good of my community," Sellars says, a scowl creasing his face as he stands on a narrow wooden dock at the Lake Petitcodiac marina. Overhead, the summer sky is dark with thick, grey storm clouds. "Just because nobody else is going to speak up and tell the truth, it's no grounds for rolling over and just letting it happen."

As the gate-opening project looms, rhetoric has grown more heated.

Last October, Wayne Steeves, the provincial Tory critic for tourism and parks, slammed the causeway removal scheme in the New Brunswick *Telegraph-Journal* as a potential threat to one of the region's top tourism draws, the Hopewell Rocks. Located about fifty kilometres downstream, the Hopewell Rocks are oddly formed stone towers that are only visible when the tides recede. Steeves fears that silt from a free-flowing river will settle on the riverbed at Hopewell, ruining the experience for tourists.

"We can't allow this project to destroy the icon of tourism in the province of New Brunswick," said Steeves.

Meanwhile, downriver at the village of Alma, lobster fishermen warn that removing the causeway will push muck downstream, destroying their fishing grounds.

Susan Linkletter speaks for the Petitcodiac Watershed Alliance, a non-political group that monitors water quality in the river. She tries not to take sides, but her voice rises when she speaks about the colossal mistake made in 1968.

"What they did forty years ago, they wouldn't get away with today," Linkletter says. "You just have to wonder what they were thinking!"

Causeway, no way,
Not in my hometown.
Causeway, no way,
The blood on our hands is brown.
— from *Causeway, No Way* by Les Païens.

Can history be rewritten on the Petitcodiac? To activists like Marc Arsenault, it would be a sin not to try. Just over a decade ago, he helped recruit twenty local

Tim Van Hinte is the spokesman for Petitcodiac Riverkeeper, an eco-group that wants the causeway permanently removed.

MARK REID

artists to record songs for a charity CD called *Pet-Kout-Koy-ek: Songs for a River.*

"When we put the first CD together [in 1996], we thought it would change everything," Arsenault says wistfully. "Lo and behold, thirteen years later, and we're still fighting."

Last fall, the aural activists released a sequel, titled simply *Petitcodiac*, to mark the tenth anniversary of the formation of an eco-group called Petitcodiac Riverkeeper. The Riverkeeper is part of an American environmental organization called the Waterkeepers Alliance, which is led by Robert Kennedy, Jr.

Both CDs feature a musical stew of pop, punk rock, and Acadian folk music — a mix not unlike the mélange of environmentalists and artist-activists who have led the push to restore the river.

"The natural course of an artist is like a river," Arsenault explains. "It has to flow. It has twists and turns. It has rapids. As an artist, [the Petitcodiac] is inspirational. It's beautiful the way it is, as long as it's natural."

A decade ago, Robert Kennedy, Jr., made a splash with the local media by flying to Moncton to help launch the local branch of the Riverkeepers. Floating on the Petitcodiac aboard a lobster boat, the charismatic Kennedy preached the benefits of causeway removal — a perfect photo op that injected celebrity cachet into the debate.

Since then, Petitcodiac Riverkeeper has tried to hold the feet of successive governments to the fire. For Tim Van Hinte, the group's spokesman, the crusade to restore the river is about far more than just fish-passage regulations.

"There was a time period when a lot of cities turned their backs on their rivers," said Van Hinte as he walked down a riverfront trail last summer near downtown Moncton. "They blocked them, dumped things in them, and polluted them. I'm trying to contribute to the renaissance of rivers. It makes some people uncomfortable that we're trying to do that, but I feel we're doing the right thing."

Open up the gates and you will see,
Open up the gates and you will set the river free.
— from *Causeway, No Way* by Les Païens.

In December 2009, Premier Graham reiterated his government's intention to open the gates and remove the causeway: "Restoring the river will definitely take time, but the Petitcodiac will be back to its former glory," Graham told the Moncton *Times & Transcript*.

Yet some of the people who live along Lake Petitcodiac still don't think it will happen. They believe the government will balk at the last minute, especially when faced with potential lawsuits over lost property values.

"The instant they open those gates, the damage will have been caused," says Sellars.

"They won't have taken out the causeway yet, but we will be able to file all claims for compensation in one fell swoop: 'Forty to fifty million bucks, write the cheque!' That will cause them to close the gates, just like it has happened in the past, because they can't come up with the money and the feds aren't going to compensate them."

The province appears determined to carry out its plans, however. Throughout last summer and fall, work teams travelled the length of the river to install erosion protection measures in preparation for the opening of the causeway gates.

Gibson, who oversees the project, is acutely aware of the controversy surrounding it.

"The first thing you've got to understand is that it's a highly controversial and highly emotional subject for a lot of people," Gibson says.

Gibson says the landowners have some valid concerns, but provincial scientists believe the threats posed by the dump and the sewage can be mitigated. Landowners and boaters will lose a lake, but they'll benefit from a restored river. As for housing prices, the province will act responsibly if property values do tumble.

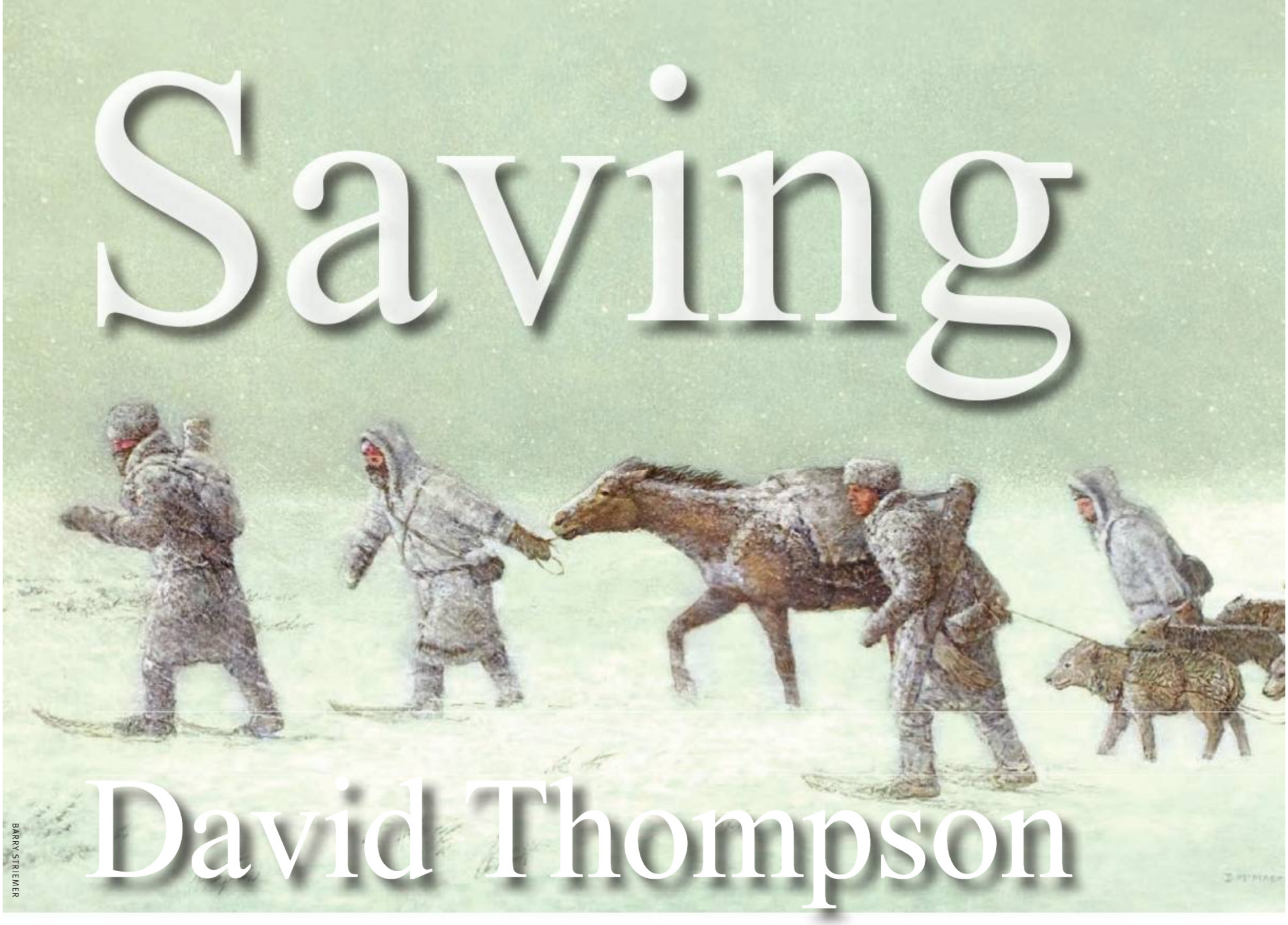
"Our feeling is there will be no negative impact on property values," Gibson says.

The bottom line, he notes, is that the causeway affects many more people than just a few hundred homeowners around an artificial lake. The Petitcodiac River watershed covers more than three thousand square kilometres and is home to more than 120,000 people. Surveys have shown that the majority of them want the river restored.

"Is removing the causeway going to correct all the sins of the world? Of course not," he says. "But the thought of doing nothing is not an option."

Mark Reid, Editor-in-Chief of *Canada's History,* lived and worked in Moncton as a newspaper journalist from 1997 to 2000.

Saving David Thompson



BARRY STRIEMER

Critics wrote him off years ago. But a new look at the famous map-maker may well restore his image. by D'Arcy Jenish

David Thompson was born and raised in Westminster, close to the bustling heart of London, but in the spring of 1784, at age fourteen, his life changed forever. He became a reluctant, unhappy apprentice in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Leaving behind the familiar world of family and schoolmates, he boarded a ship bound for the barren, desolate western shore of Hudson Bay.

He was an enterprising youth and quickly adapted to his strange, new surroundings. Enchanted with the abundant wildlife, the vast, empty spaces, the wild rivers, and the extraordinary variety of the Native cultures, Thompson soon embarked on what became a twenty-eight-year journey of trading and exploration in lands now known as Western Canada. He eventually left the HBC, joining the North West Company, and he logged an estimated 80,000 kilometres, becoming North America's greatest map-maker.

But old age was not kind to this remarkable man. He died poor, blind, and obscure on February 10, 1857, at age eighty-seven, in Longueuil, Quebec. A brief newspaper obituary described him only as a "Surveyor and Astronomer and for many years a partner in the North West Co."

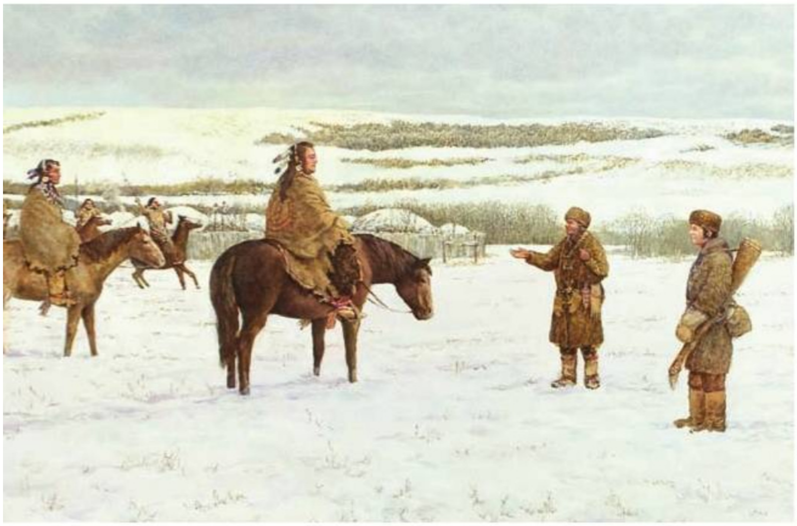
For the next six decades Thompson remained all but unknown — and this situation might have continued, had it not been for the fact that in his old age Thompson started writing an account of his journeys based on his notes. After his death, his son sold the manuscript of his father's western travels to a Toronto newspaper editor, who eventually turned it over to Joseph Burr Tyrrell, the eminent geologist and explorer with the Geological Survey of Canada.

It was Tyrrell who pulled Thompson out of obscurity by editing his papers and publishing 500 copies of *David Thompson's Narrative* through the Champlain Society in

Above:
***A Perfect Storm* by Don McMaster (2006) is based on a journal entry by Thompson that describes being caught in a prairie snowstorm.**

Left:
Hudson's Bay Company coat of arms. Thompson started at HBC and joined the North West Company in 1797.

1916. Since then, Thompson has remained a subject of scholarly and public interest — and sometimes heated debate.


BARRY STRIEMER

Above: ***To the Great Village*** **by Don McMaster (2006) depicts Thompson's visit to a Mandan village in 1797.**

Thompson did not enjoy an unbroken wave of public popularity. While Tyrrell famously described him as "the greatest land geographer the world has produced," some later scholars saw him as a bungler and a coward whose observations couldn't be trusted.

More recently, the tide turned again. Across the continent, people have been celebrating his achievements during the David Thompson Bicentennial — which began in 2007 and concludes in 2011 to coincide with the years Thompson made his final and most significant journeys in the West. There has been a flood of documentaries, biographies (including one by this writer), and academic work centred on David Thompson.

Last year, the Champlain Society weighed in with the first volume of a new, comprehensive, three-volume edition entitled *The Writings of David Thompson*. This marks the third time the Champlain Society has published Thompson's work — the second edition came out in 1962.

Why all this modern-day interest in Thompson? It is no mystery to William Moreau, the editor of the latest collection of Thompson's work. Moreau's fascination began as a Ph.D. student at the University of Toronto in 1992. He wrote his thesis on how Thompson's manuscript evolved through multiple drafts. Thompson wrote his manuscript while in failing health and living in poverty in Montreal with his half-Cree wife Charlotte Small.

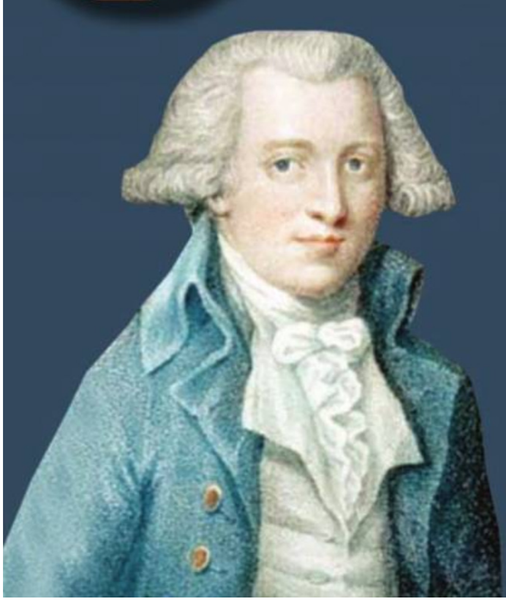
"His story is such a great one," says Moreau. "It appeals to people of diverse interests because he was interested in everything. He was also a good writer. You read a Thompson passage and you still get life out of it. You can hear his voice. A lot of nineteenth-century writers are dated and stale, but Thompson remains fresh. There's also a breadth of vision in him that is absent in others. You get into him and there are always nooks and crannies to explore."

Thompson was a keen observer of nature. Of the northern lights he wrote: "From east to west, the Aurora was equally bright, sometimes, indeed often, with a tremulous motion in immense sheets, slightly tinged with the colours of the Rainbow … the Dogs howled with fear, and their brightness was often such, that with only their light I could see to shoot an owl at twenty yards."

He also commented often on the Native tribes he encountered. Of the Mandan he said: "Both sexes have the character of being courteous and kind in their intercourse with each other; in our rambles through the villages, everything was orderly, no scolding or loud talking."

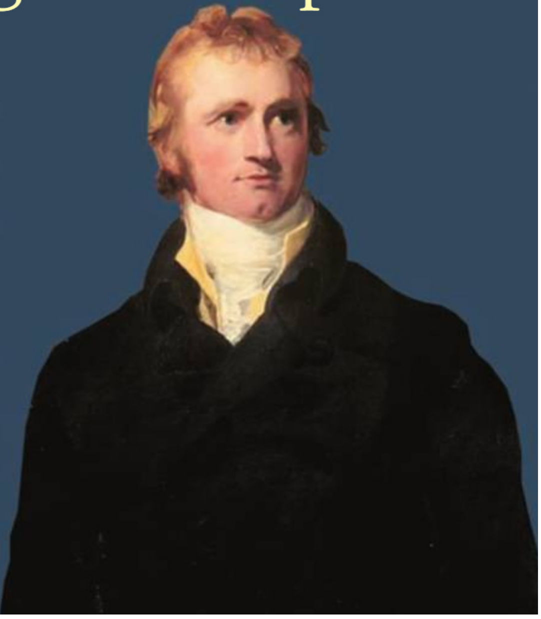
Of his reception at a trading post after a long period of hard travel on the frontier, Thompson wrote with cheerful humour: "Mr. Tomison was glad to see me, but he did

Who was Canada's greatest explorer?



Samuel Hearne (1745–1792)
Hearne was a Hudson's Bay Company fur trader who in 1771 became the first European to travel overland across northern Canada to the Arctic Ocean. It was his third attempt and he relied largely on help from Chipewyan Chief Matonabbee. He travelled a long and difficult journey from Fort Prince of Wales (near present-day Churchill, Manitoba, on Hudson Bay) to the mouth of the Coppermine River, establishing that there was no Northwest Passage at lower latitudes. Thompson apprenticed under Hearne, an experience Thompson found tedious.

Portrait by unknown artist, 1796, Hudson's Bay Company Archives.



not like my appearance, he viewed me all round and muttered 'ragged, very ragged, can't be mended, must have a new jacket,' which the tailor made for me."

Tyrrell's favourable judgment of Thompson was based in large part on the quality and scope of his surveys and the breathtaking scale of his great map of the northwestern interior of North America.

The geologist also found much to admire in the man's character. Thompson had witnessed the dreadful effects of liquor on the Plains Indians — those formidable buffalo hunters who produced tonnes of pemmican each year for the northern fur trade brigades. When he began establishing posts in the Columbia watershed west of the Rockies, Thompson refused to supply the Natives with drink.

He also differed from many of his peers by forming a loving and enduring relationship with Charlotte Small, the daughter of a Scottish trader and a Cree woman. Her father, Patrick Small, and his country wife, whose name does not appear in the historical record, had two other children besides Charlotte, but Small abandoned his family when he left the trade and returned to Europe — an all too common practice. Thompson took Charlotte as his wife in June 1799, when he was twenty-eight and she was about to turn fourteen. They produced thirteen children and she was with him when he died fifty-eight years later.

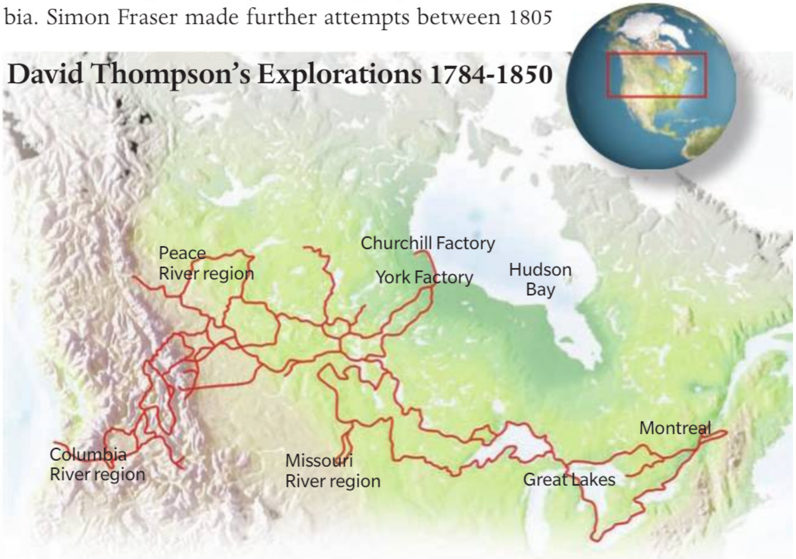
Tyrrell was mightily impressed with such devotion, as well as by Thompson's concern for the well-being of the indigenous people, and wrote in his introduction: "There were few men in the West in those early days who bore so consistently as he did the white flower of a blameless life."

Tyrrell's florid and effusive depiction of Thompson played well with the Canadian public in the age of temperance movements and strict adherence to Christian doctrine, but it rubbed professional historians the wrong way. By the late 1920s and early 1930s, academics had begun to chip away at the narrative Tyrrell had created. The first to wield a critical sledgehammer was the historian Arthur Silver Morton, who examined Thompson's role in extending the fur trade to the Pacific — arguably his greatest achievement as a fur trader.

The partners of the North West Company had been searching for a river that would serve as a commercial outlet to the Pacific since 1793, when Alexander Mackenzie made his celebrated journey to the coast, arriving at tidewater near present-day Prince Rupert, British Columbia. Simon Fraser made further attempts between 1805 and 1808, when he travelled down the wild and dangerous river that now bears his name. Thompson succeeded where Mackenzie and Fraser failed, because the Columbia was navigable.

But first he had to untangle the complex geography of the river and its tributaries. Thompson had to establish good relations with the Native tribes to ensure safe pas-

David Thompson's Explorations 1784-1850



MICHEL ROULEAU

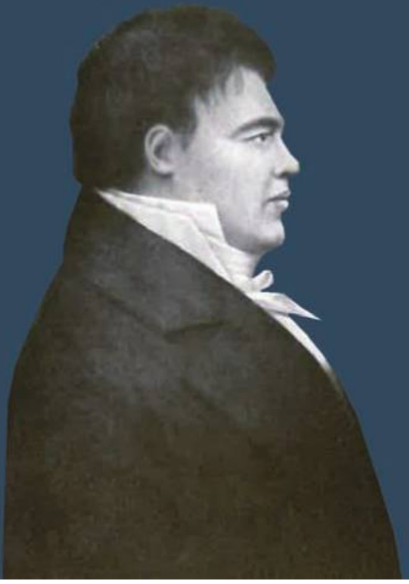
SOURCE: DAVID MALAHER/DAVIDTHOMPSON200.ORG

The map shows Thompson's travels in the Northwest, plus his later surveys in Ontario and Quebec.

David Thompson is widely seen as Canada's greatest map-maker, but was he Canada's greatest explorer? Here are some other men who might qualify for that title:

Alexander Mackenzie (1755[?]–1820)
Mackenzie was the first European to cross the continent north of Mexico and reach the Pacific Ocean. He was the head of the North West Company's business in the Athabasca and Peace River areas. Mackenzie followed the assessment of an earlier explorer, Peter Pond, who thought that the river that leads out of Great Slave Lake would bring him to the Pacific. But after travelling downriver for about 1,800 kilometres in 1789, he landed in the Arctic Ocean. Mackenzie called this waterway the "river of disappointment," but it was later named after him. A second journey in 1793 took him across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific but the path was so difficult it was useless as a trade route. Thompson respected Mackenzie as a man of "enlarged views."

Portrait by Thomas Lawrence, circa 1800, National Gallery of Canada.



Simon Fraser (1776–1862)
Fraser was a North West Company employee who made courageous journeys into the interior of British Columbia in the quest for a trade route to the Pacific. In 1808 he followed what he thought was the Columbia River on an epic trek across the mountains, calmly overcoming violent rapids, steep canyons, near starvation, a threatened mutiny by his men, and attacks by unfriendly Cowichan on the coast. Fraser waso the first to set up permanent posts west of the Rockies, helping to strengthen Britain's claim to the area. His work also helped establish the 49th parallel as the boundary with the United States. Thompson thought highly of him, naming the river Fraser had followed "Fraser's River."

A portrait of Fraser found in Pioneers of the Pacific Coast *by Agnes C. Laut (1915).*

sage through their countries, he had to erect a series of posts, and he had to maintain a profitable trade in furs. He started in 1807 and arrived by canoe at the mouth of the Columbia with a small contingent of Nor'westers on July 15, 1811. By then, John Jacob Astor's New York-based Pacific Fur Company already had a post there.

Morton analyzed Thompson's role in the North West Company's Columbia enterprise in an article that appeared in the *Canadian Historical Review* in 1936. The historian found the explorer lacking at almost every turn, accusing him of poor judgment, of mishandling relations with the Aboriginals, and even of cowardice at crucial moments. In short, Thompson was no Mackenzie and nowhere near the equal of Fraser as an explorer.

Fellow historian Richard Glover took two swings at Thompson, the first in a *CHR* piece in 1950 and the second, which was far more damaging, in his introduction to the Champlain Society's 1962 edition of the *Narrative*. Glover grandly proclaimed his purpose as nothing less than peeling away "the hagiographic myth that has long hidden the real man." He concluded that Thompson was less than truthful in his depiction of certain historical figures, particularly the northern explorer Samuel Hearne, that his mental faculties may have been slipping when he wrote the *Narrative*, and that he had badly bungled the crucial assignment of reaching the Pacific ahead of the Americans.

The works of Morton and Glover had a telling and lasting effect. Their assessments remained unchallenged until the early 1990s, when a new generation of scholars and popular historians re-examined Thompson's life and achievements. These later researchers presented a much more positive image of the man and his work, proving, if nothing else, that historical arguments are rarely settled once and for all.

In 1994, University of Calgary historian Barbara Belyea published *Columbia Journals*, an annotated edition of the daily journals Thompson kept from October 1800 till September 1811. This work provides exhilarating glimpses into the daily life of Thompson as he travelled up rivers, through forests, and across mountain ranges, and is illuminated by footnotes that explain who he was with and where he was going. That same year the Washington State writer Jack Nisbet produced *Sources of the River*, a sparkling narrative account of Thompson's travels over the Rockies and down to the Pacific, enriched by Nisbet's first-hand knowledge of much of the terrain Thompson covered.

Given all that has been written about Thompson over the past century, some might wonder whether we need yet another edition of his work. The answer to that question is unequivocal: yes we do. Thompson's *Narrative* ranks as one of the great pieces of writing from the age of exploration in North America. But try to acquire a copy, as I did in the fall of 2001, when I began researching a biography of Thompson. Online booksellers were asking US$600 to US$700 for Glover editions and close to US$2,500 for Tyrrell's. Copies are available through university and big city libraries, but most must be used on the premises. Thanks to the partnership between the Champlain Society, McGill-Queen's University Press, and the University of Washington Press, readers in Canada and the U.S. should be able to purchase or order Thompson's work at their nearest chain or independent bookstore.

The first volume of *The Writings of David Thompson* was released in the summer of 2009, the second is slated for publication in 2011, and the third will be released in 2013. This edition will offer the most complete selection of Thompson's written work to date, including material from early drafts of the *Narrative* that has never been published and a selection of his letters and newspaper articles that will reveal the scope of the man's interest and his intellect. As well, the Champlain Society's partnership with two university publishers ensures that this edition will be much more widely distributed than the first two.

The Moreau edition improves upon the work of Tyrrell and Glover. It includes a useful selection of maps of Thompson's travels, interspersed throughout the work, plus footnotes that draw from the scholarship of the past fifty years pertaining to Thompson, the fur trade, and Native peoples, among other things. As well, Moreau has written a thoughtful and balanced introduction. He has avoided the excesses of his predecessors, adeptly sketching the historical landscape in which Thompson lived and worked. This background will make the work accessible even to the uninitiated.

Thompson's writing, Moreau argues, is "a rich source of information ... about western geography, natural history, Native peoples, the business of the fur trade and ... topics as diverse as caribou and copper mines, smallpox and the sasquatch." He wrote about such things in the clear, precise language of the scientist and related his wilderness adventures with the power and immediacy of a master storyteller — two reasons why Thompson remains such a compelling figure at the dawn of the present century.

Et Cetera

Columbia Journals by David Thompson, edited by Barbara Belyea. Bicentennial edition, McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2007.

Sources of the River: Tracking David Thompson Across Western North America by Jack Nisbet. Bicentennial edition, Sasquatch Books, Seattle, 2007.

To view the entire collection of David Thompson paintings by Don McMaster, go to CanadasHistory.ca

CHRISTOPHER MOORE

A (pro)rogue's gallery

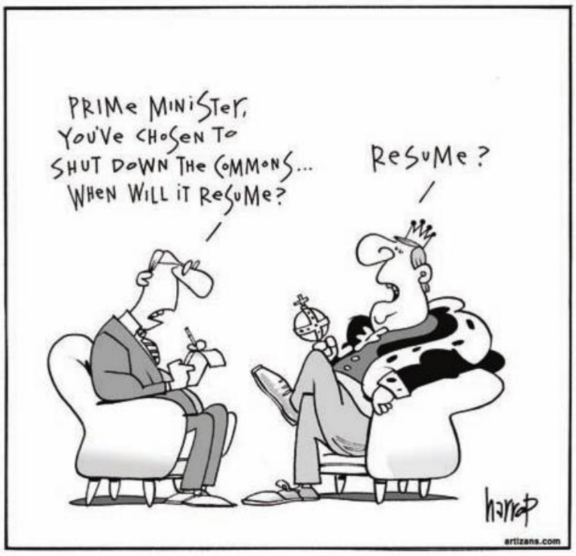
It used to be that Canadian voters were angered by Parliament sitting too long. How times have changed.

The very first time the Parliament of Canada was prorogued, back in 1868, it stayed prorogued for 327 days. A couple of years later, the interval between sittings was 362 days.

That year, only the constitutional requirement that Parliament must meet at least once every twelve months put an end to the prorogation.

At the time, hardly anyone noticed.

We have come a long way, evidently, if just a month or two of an empty House of Commons is enough to bring 30,000 citizens into the midwinter streets to protest the downfall of Parliament.


PRIME MINISTER, YOU'VE CHOSEN TO SHUT DOWN THE COMMONS... WHEN WILL IT RESUME?
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The parliamentary system is centuries old, and it doesn't change very much. But we change.

How we think about our parliaments and our politicians does evolve, and things that did not matter much become urgently important.

In the early days of the House of Commons, what seemed to get backbenchers and opposition members really furious was being kept in session too long. If the government kept the House sitting for several months, backbenchers began to complain. They accused the prime minister of deliberately dragging out the session. They suspected a kind of reverse filibuster: the Cabinet was keeping the house in session so that members desperate to get back to their farms and shops and law offices would knuckle under, shut up, and pass whatever was put before them late in the session.

In 1885, with the Northwest Rebellion, the need to finish the CPR, and a financial crisis, Parliament sat from January into July, a remarkably long time for those days. "Members are anxious to return to their ordinary business," the Opposition was crying out by mid-April.

They charged that it was "becoming part of the settled policy of this Government to purposely delay the discussion of the most important questions until a period of the Session arrives when discussion had become practically impossible."

"We cannot afford to live here five or six months in the year," complained John White, a backbencher from Belleville, Ontario — and he was on the government side. "We would have been at home and been able to pay our honest debts and the interest on money we owe and other obligations for which we are responsible." White could not wait for a prorogation.

For many decades, being in Ottawa was not an MP's highest priority. It was really only the 1980s that saw the adoption of what now seems like the habitual practice of regular fall, winter, and spring sessions that cover a good part of the year. Until roughly the 1940s, the Commons and the Senate usually sat for a few months at the start of each year, and that was it. In the provinces, sessions were even briefer.

Was Parliament less important then? Well, its importance was different. Parliament was indeed a bit more like an annual general meeting than an ongoing deliberation on the affairs of the day. Parliament met to examine the financial accounts, consider new legislation, and examine how the executive was doing. Given the limited role of governments, none of that took very long. In those circumstances, no one greatly feared the government's traditional power to advise the Crown on when Parliament should and should not sit.

Yet, even meeting so rarely, Canada's early parliamentarians had immense powers in reserve. In 1873, in the midst of the Pacific Scandal, John A. Macdonald did consider prorogation as a way to prevent a parliamentary committee from scrutinizing his misdeeds.

He then successfully moved the investigation to a Royal Commission — over which he had more control. Macdonald felt safe, for just a year earlier he had led his party to a fifty-seat majority. But when the House finally met, it did not like what it heard about how the railroad syndicate had paid for favours with electoral cash. Macdonald's own backbenchers began to turn on him. His majority evaporated. Facing censure, his doomed government resigned barely a year after its election triumph. Parliament didn't need a Judge Gomery then.

Parliaments did not often throw out governments, it is true. What kept the executive in check back then was the knowledge that they could. Macdonald's 1873 disaster was unique, but parliamentarians remained jealous guardians of their own authority. They knew that leaders and cabinets answered to them, and not vice versa.

It was the need for wartime legislation that led to longer sittings and briefer prorogations starting in 1940. And it was the vast expansion of the role of governments in Canadian life in the 1950s and 1960s that ensured they would keep on sitting longer. Parliamentary sittings had always been vigorously covered in the press, but the vast expansion of media gradually accustomed Canadians to the constant presence of Parliament.

So was born the spectacle of every political event becoming fodder for televised question period combat. Opposition politicians in particular came to rely on having the House in session constantly. We all came to assume quite recently that Parliament wasn't working for us if it wasn't actually sitting.

The other evolution in Parliament was the changing relationship between backbenchers and leaders. Macdonald himself became one of the inventors of the "party machine" — the party as a disciplined, centralized, loyal team that would not dare to turn on him, as it had in 1873. By the mid-twentieth century, when party leaders became chosen by extra-parliamentary leadership competitions, party leaders began to dare to tell backbenchers that they had no right to question what a leader did or said.

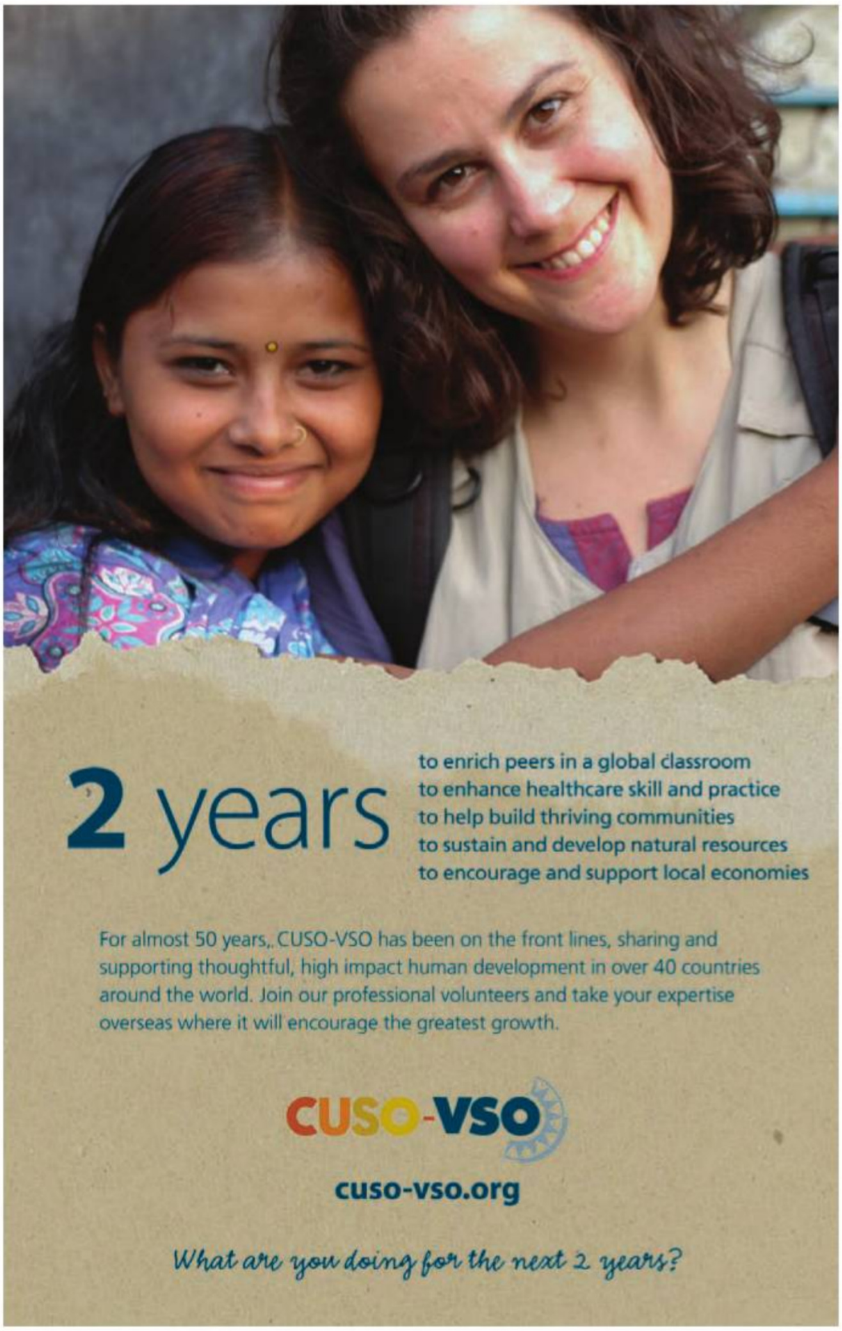
Party bosses, pundits, and the public at large have all conspired to convince our elected representatives that they have no independent role. If they dare to disagree with the boss, they should be tossed from caucus, and probably from Parliament itself. As long as we keep telling MPs that, we place a tremendous temptation before prime ministers to use all the latent powers of the Crown. Who is to stop them if Parliament will not?

But those powers are still there.

No great web of new legislation or constitutional procedures is needed to rein in the abuse of prime ministerial powers. Other parliaments around the world regularly see party leaders and prime ministers dumped when their own backbenchers grow tired of them. If our premiers and prime ministers knew that legislatures would rebuke them for abusing Parliament, we would not have to worry about rogue prorogations.

We don't need Parliament to change its rules so much. We just need to change the way we think about who's accountable to whom.

Christopher Moore, the author of several best-selling history books, lives in Toronto. He comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.



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What are you doing for the next 2 years?

At your service

How the Internet can fuel your search for family mementoes. By Dave Obee

My grandfather William Elmer Obee ran a service station in Edmonton after the Great War. It was on 109th Street at 85th Avenue, just east of the University of Alberta.

Along with repairing cars, he sold gasoline and products such as lights and batteries at his station, S.O.S. Service.

He opened the station in a wooden building that had room for two vehicles. Things went well, so he moved across 85th to a new Union station with four bays. He was in great shape, and poised for growth, when the stock market crashed in 1929.

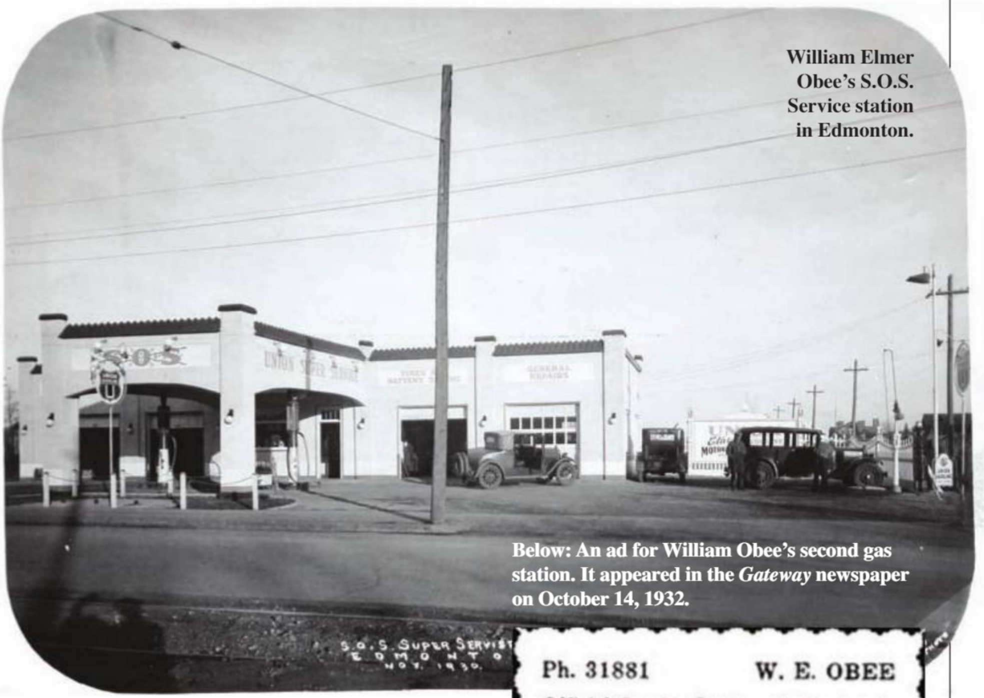
My grandfather did his best, but he finally had to give up on the Union station. He moved back across the street to his original location, with a new, smaller Texaco station. Even that proved to be too much, and he was forced to abandon his business entirely during the Great Depression.

The service station buildings were torn down decades ago, and now fast-food restaurants are on the two sites of my grandfather's grand business venture.

As someone with a keen interest in genealogy, I wanted to have mementoes of his business ventures; it's these types of details that really make family history come to life.

Thankfully, the stations are still with us on paper. I have copies of photographs of all three of them, and my grandfather and his stations are listed in several *Henderson Directories* published in the 1920s and 1930s, as well as in telephone books. (*Henderson Directories* listed businesses and most adult residents in a community, along with their addresses and occupations.)

A few years ago I looked for advertisements for S.O.S. Service in two Edmonton newspapers, the *Journal* and the *Bulletin*. I had the kind of luck that would be expected with a needle-in-a-haystack search.



William Elmer Obee's S.O.S. Service station in Edmonton.

Below: An ad for William Obee's second gas station. It appeared in the *Gateway* newspaper on October 14, 1932.

Ph. 31881 W. E. OBEE

Official Service Station of the A.A.A.

S.O.S. SERVICE

Texaco Products

General Automobile and
Battery Repairing
Electrical Repairs

8503 109th St., Edmonton

COURTESY DAVE OBEE.

But oh, how things have changed over the years. Especially with the wondrous research tool we call the Internet — and a remarkable website known as Peel's Prairie Provinces.

The site's roots go back to 1946, when a University of Saskatchewan librarian named Bruce Braden Peel started working on a comprehensive card file of western Canadiana titles.

His project, which included books, directories, and pamphlets, went with him when he moved to the University of Alberta a few years later.

A decade after he started, Peel declared the work complete, for the time being at least. His work was published as *A Bibliography of the Prairie Provinces*.

There was a supplement to the book in 1963, and, ten years later, an entirely new edition that resulted in an ambitious project by what was then known as the National Library of Canada.

It photographed as many of the publications identified by Peel as it could, more than four thousand in total, and then produced a microfiche series that was distributed to major libraries across Canada.

That microfiche collection, the Peel Bibliography, became an essential resource for anyone working on the history of the Prairies. And for a generation it was on the leading edge of technology, a way to put raw information into many hands at one time.

Peel was working on a third edition of his bibliography when he died in 1998 at the age of eighty-two.

Thanks to a commitment by the librarians at the University of Alberta, the expanded work was completed, with the third edition published in 2003.

That edition formed the basis for the website now known as Peel's Prairie Provinces.

Its coverage is much broader than Peel could have imagined when he started his card files sixty years ago — today, it includes digitized copies of 7,500 published works as well as 12,500 newspaper issues.

One of the newspapers included is the *Gateway*, the student newspaper at the University of Alberta. And, logically enough, that is where I found advertisements placed by my grandfather when he was desperately trying to attract business to S.O.S. Service, just a few blocks from the campus.

It is simple enough to find the record. A quick search for the name Obee in the newspaper category reveals several ads from the 1932–33 school year. Without the digitization work being done at the University of Alberta, these ads — a vital part of my family's history — might have never been found.

The Peel site makes it easy to find other references to families who lived in the Prairie provinces before 1953. The Edmonton *Henderson Directories*, which include my grandfather and his service stations, are online as well.

Years ago, I went through microfiches in a library to track down references to my family. I marvelled at the time about how technology had improved access to the old directories. Now the same work can be done in minutes, in the comfort of my home, at any time of the day.

Peel's Prairie Provinces, found at http://Peel.Library.Ualberta.ca, is one of many websites helping to bring old publications to new audiences. It's worth trying them all, from time to time, because sometimes you will be surprised by what they reveal.

Dave Obee has been researching family history on the Prairies for thirty years and has written several books about genealogy.

To learn more about genealogy, go to: CanadasHistory.ca/community.

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TINA LOO

Dead dogs and living history

Are truth and reconciliation commissions asking the right questions?

When is a killing a slaughter? That's what Jim Igloliorte has been trying to find out. For the past two and a half years, the retired Labrador judge has been chief commissioner of the Qikiqtani Truth Commission (QTC), a body charged by the Inuit with investigating the alleged slaughter of sled dogs by the RCMP in the eastern Arctic from the 1950s to the 1970s.

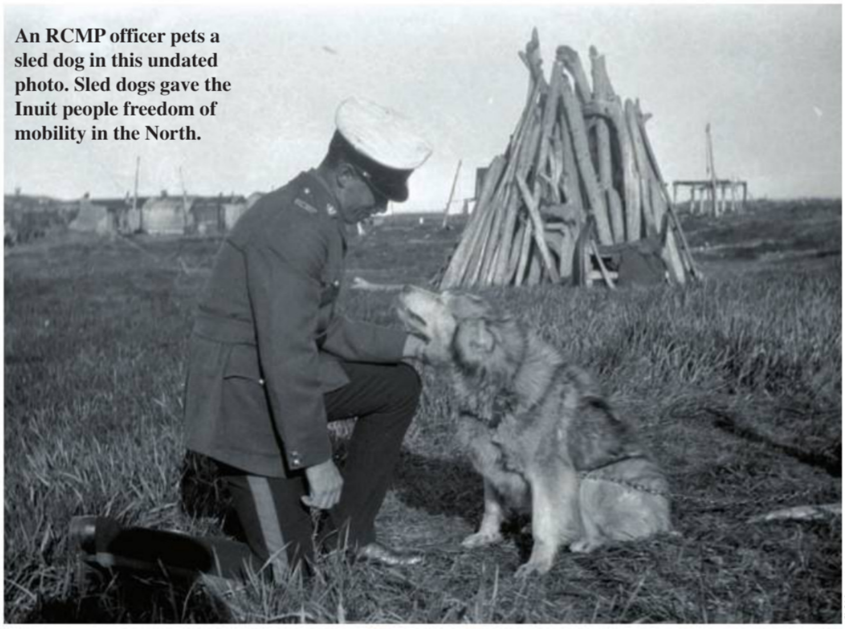
Many Inuit believe that the Mounties shot some 20,000 of their animals as a strategy to get them off the land and into permanent communities, where they were subject to greater colonial "care" and control.

The legacy of that violent loss — of their dogs, their independence, and their culture — continues to corrode relations between the Inuit and the RCMP to this day, especially in light of the force's denial of these allegations following its own investigation in 2006.

The commission's main objective is "to ensure an accurate history" of these events and thereby "promote healing for those who suffered wrongdoings, as well as to heal relations between Inuit and the government." While the dog killings are the QTC's main focus, its inquiry has led it to investigate a number of related issues, including health care, housing, hunting, and education.

Igloliorte was scheduled to submit his final report no later than the end of March 2010, making this a good time to think about what truth commissions do and whether they can deliver what they promise. In what sense is the history they write truthful? What's the relationship between history, truth, and healing? Can reckoning with the past help us move ahead together?

Since the 1970s, governmental and, in some cases, non-governmental organizations around the world have invested a great deal of effort and hope into "truth commissions" as part of the peace process that has accompanied the transition to democracy in places like South Africa.


An RCMP officer pets a sled dog in this undated photo. Sled dogs gave the Inuit people freedom of mobility in the North.

HENRY ASBJORN LARSEN FONDS, LAC/E010775438

These bodies investigate patterns of abuse over a period of time, rather than specific events. They're not criminal trials. They don't have powers of prosecution. Their proceedings aren't adversarial, and they focus on the victims of abuse rather than the perpetrators.

Indeed, one of the purposes of truth commissions is to provide a safe place for victims to tell their stories and to have their experiences become part of the official record.

The public hearings held by truth commissions give a voice to victims who have otherwise been ignored. But truth commissions also make history. Using evidence from victims' testimony as well as material from the documentary record, each truth commission produces a report that is meant to stand as an authoritative history of what happened.

Making history won't be easy for the QTC because history isn't just a matter of facts, of simply outlining the hard edges of what happened. It's an argument about meaning, causes, and effects. In the eastern Arctic, there's widespread agreement that Mounties shot Inuit sled dogs. But was it a "slaughter"? Were the killings part of a larger policy of colonization?

Everyone might agree that Constable A shot Z's dogs, but the consensus ends there. Constable A might have shot them because they were running loose and posed a threat to the children of the community — and to him. Perhaps the dogs were diseased. Or maybe the officer was simply fed up with people ignoring his repeated injunctions about tying up their animals.

For his part, Z insists that Constable A shot his animals to force the Inuit to give up their nomadic ways. Without dogs, he and his family were stuck in places like Pangnirtung or Frobisher (Iqaluit). Losing dogs meant losing mobility — and freedom. For Z, the actions of the RCMP really did amount to forced relocation. Colonial power had a face — and a trigger finger.

Both A and Z are telling the truth. But the history that commissioner Igloliorte is charged with writing is a different thing; it's an argument that builds on the particular and divergent truths that emerge from the textual record and from the testimony of a variety of people living in fourteen different communities. Like all histories, it's meant to provide context, and most importantly, it's meant to help those involved and their descendants move ahead.

The QTC's preliminary findings suggest that it is looking beyond the specific issue of whether the RCMP killed sled dogs and is trying to address a broader question: What explains the decline in the dog population?

The reasons it offers are multiple and complex. The available documentation indicates that the RCMP shot at least 1,200 dogs in the period under investigation, 500 of which were killed in Iqaluit and Pangnirtung between 1966 and 1967.

The concentration of these killings likely magnified their impact and significance for the Inuit there. In addition to Mountie bullets, dogs fell victim to distemper, hepatitis, and rabies. Tuberculosis also affected them indirectly: The Inuit who were sent south for treatment lost their teams and were often unable to re-establish them if they did return home. The decline in dogs was also linked to changes in hunting practices that came along with the move to settlements, the increased availability and importance of snowmobiles, and the growth of waged employment.

Identifying this complex set of causes doesn't diminish the trauma or loss many families felt when the Mounties shot their dogs. Instead, it helps us appreciate why those killings have the significance they do. They occurred at a time of great change and upheaval that left many Inuit more vulnerable to a range of government policies and historical circumstances that further eroded their independence.

If its preliminary findings are any indication, the QTC's final report stands to be an excellent and significant piece of history. But can it lead to reconciliation?

I don't think so — at least, not on its own. Truths have to be heard as well as told. No one who witnesses the raw emotion of the Inuit who testified will have any doubt about the need for reconciliation. Hurt, anger, and betrayal have cut a deep chasm between Inuit and Qallunaat (non-Inuit), making it difficult to reconcile the past.

Yet, despite the QTC's work over the last few years, few Canadians know it exists, much less what it's about. We need to know — and we need to take responsibility for what we hear.

Putting aside the disconnect between telling and hearing, a report from the QTC that explains the meanings and consequences of the dog killings will likely only provide meagre gruel to feed the healing process, whatever its qualities as a piece of history.

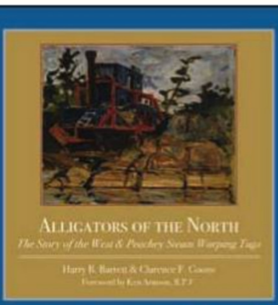
Does that mean that we've overestimated the healing powers of the past? No. If anything, we may have underestimated them. Truth commissions stop short of tapping in to the richest historical resources for reconciliation because they rarely ask a second type of question.

Igloliorte and the QTC were right in pushing beyond the dog killings. But if reconciliation is the goal, they — and we — need to push further still and ask questions that go beyond the disappearance of the dogs, beyond the abuses of colonization: What can we learn from occasions in the past when Inuit and Qallunaat bridged the cultural gulf that separated them, helping each other on the land? Is there anything in the long history of the relationship between the Inuit and the RCMP that can act as a foundation for living and working together?

All of us need to consider the possibility that there are other truths to be found in the past, and other stories — ones of cooperation rather than conflict, of understanding rather than ignorance.

Reconciliation can only begin by asking all the right questions — because without them, the answers won't matter very much.

Tina Loo, a historian at the University of British Columbia, is a columnist with *Canada's History*.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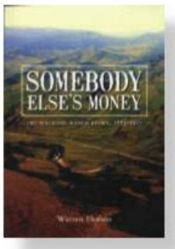

WHERE'S THE BEEF?

Somebody Else's Money:
The Walrond Ranch Story, 1883–1907
by Warren Elofson
University of Calgary Press, Calgary, 2009
285 pp., illus., $29.95 paperback

Full disclosure: I'm a Central Canadian with only a sketchy grasp of frontier history. Frankly, I don't know my Assiniboia from a hole in the ground, so if even I can appreciate an economic history of ranching in turn-of-the-twentieth-century Alberta, you can bet it's a book that will interest the general history reader.

So it is with *Somebody Else's Money* by Warren Elofson, head of the history department at the University of Calgary. Through analysis of correspondence and other Walrond records, as well as personal papers, and both press and official reports, Elofson manages to identify and explain the many forces that shaped this ambitious enterprise, a 300,000-acre cattle-and-horse ranch in the foothills of the Rockies. His illuminating book will interest the serious student of Western Canadian history with its in-depth economic analysis, scholarship, and insights; but it will also please a casual reader, like me, who may skim the occasional overly academic page while still enjoying the narrative.

For starters, there's the protagonist, Dr. Duncan McEachran, an abrasive but well-connected Scottish-born veterinarian and sometime chief veterinary inspector of Canada. He was the principal promoter of the ranch, its absentee manager, and in time became its president. Through a combination of resilience, conservative connections on both sides of the Atlantic, relentless public optimism, and self-interested calculation, McEachran managed to sidestep, ignore, occasionally overcome, and often misrepresent an almost biblical litany of setbacks over the course of a quarter-century. Most impressively, he always ensured that he was financially looked-after, making him the only person to make a fortune from the ranch.

Even so, McEachran and his managers made many miscalculations and misjudgments: cattle were left to fend for themselves on the open range in winter with disastrous results; a foray into the horse business was a fiasco; a rigid commitment to pay dividends continually forced unwise short-term decision-making; and an almost farcical,

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Based on the analysis of world events, *The ABCs of Human Survival* examines the integral relationship between personal and social psychology, and how this important dynamic determines the health of individuals, local communities, and global citizenship.

decades-long delusion about the number of cattle actually owned by the Walrond repeatedly gave investors a false sense of security when alarm bells should have been ringing.

Underlying all the errors was ignorance of the environment (*plus ça change*). The prairie was pitched to investors as a virtually limitless renewable resource. In fact, prairie grasses need considerable time to regenerate after grazing. For a nomadic species, such as buffalo, this presents no problem. But cattle tend to linger in familiar pastures near water, and these soon became weedy and downtrodden.

Somebody Else's Money is most telling, though, for the big-picture economic lessons it teaches. For example, Elofson details at length the challenge imposed on ranchers generally, and the Walrond in particular, by the rise of a de facto monopoly in purchasing and marketing Western Canadian beef. Interestingly, he suggests that collusion in the beef industry may have thwarted ranchers every bit as much as the better-known monopolistic practices of the railway, milling, and elevator syndicates in the grain markets.

Elofson concludes that "large-scale, open range ranching was inherently uneconomic on the northern Great Plains." This is a view he has expressed before, and *Somebody Else's Money* is an ambitious case study of his thesis. He demonstrates that, notwithstanding bad luck and bad decision-making, the Walrond Ranch and its counterparts elsewhere could not have been viable over the long term. Severe winters were not just bad luck; they were inevitable from time to time and predictably decimated herds — other than those intensively managed in a manner unaffordable for an operation the size of the Walrond. Rustling, disease, and predation were similarly impossible to control cost-effectively, with cattle scattered over hundreds of thousands of acres of open range.

For almost twenty-five years, Duncan McEachran managed to delude himself and others into believing that the success of the Walrond was simply a matter of adjusting business practices and riding out bad luck. Repeated refinancing amounted to little more than an unintentional, slow-motion Ponzi scheme. Even as it finally became clear to all that the ranching business was a bust, hope shifted to real estate as the golden goose. But the rumoured railway line never materialized and most investors, including McEachran, were long dead when the assets were finally sold off in the 1940s.

Today there are no Walronds in Alberta. Intensive family ranching is the norm.

Reviewed by **Paul Jones**, a retired publisher, a family historian, and a director of Canada's History Society.

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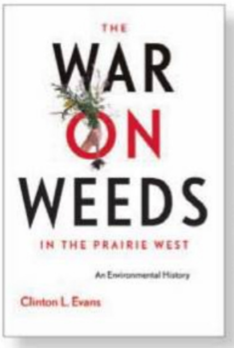

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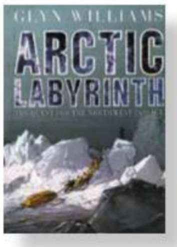

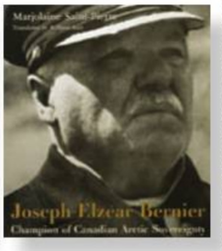

COLD COMFORT

Arctic Labyrinth: The Quest for the Northwest Passage
by Glyn Williams
Viking Canada, Toronto, 2009
460 pages, illus., $32 hardcover

Joseph-Elzéar Bernier:
Champion of Canadian Arctic Sovereignty
by Marjolaine Saint-Pierre, trans. William Barr
Baraka Books, Montreal, 2009
371 pages, illus., $39.95 paperback

In his 1908 book about navigating the Northwest Passage, Roald Amundsen explicitly credited the Scottish-Orcadian explorer Dr. John Rae with having shown him where to sail. "His work was of incalculable value to the Gjoa expedition," Amundsen wrote. "He discovered Rae Strait which separates King William Land from the mainland. In all probability through this strait is the only navigable route for the voyage round the north coast of America. This is the only passage which is free from destructive pack ice."

Amundsen, the first to sail through the passage — he went from the Atlantic to the Pacific — would remain correct in this assessment for four decades. Not until 1944 would Canadian Henry Larsen, assisted by later technology, become the first to sail the passage using a different route.

Yet in *Arctic Labyrinth: The Quest for the Northwest Passage*, you will look in vain for the above quotation from Amundsen. In this otherwise impressive survey, historian Glyn Williams gives John Rae no credit for discovering the channel that made the Norwegian's historic voyage possible.

He tells us that George Back of the Royal Navy and Thomas Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company suspected the existence of Rae Strait. But instead of crediting John Rae himself at the appropriate juncture, he quotes Amundsen in praise of Royal Navy Captain Richard Collinson and moves on.

History is always subject to interpretation, and here we see that even distinguished scholars have biases. Williams, an emeritus professor based in London, has written several notable books over the decades. These include both academic studies and popular works on Captain James Cook and Arctic exploration in the eighteenth century.

In *Arctic Labyrinth*, Williams retells an epic saga marked by shipwreck, starvation, scurvy, frostbite, amputations, and

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cannibalism. He writes in a tradition that includes *In Quest of the Northwest Passage* by Leslie H. Neatby, *Arctic Grail* by Pierre Berton, and *The Search for the North West Passage* by Ann Savours.

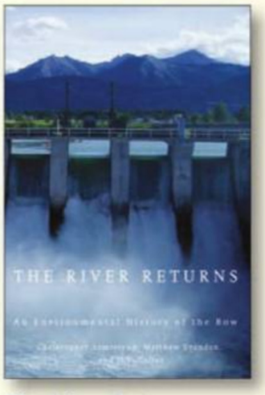
His book is more detailed than Neatby's and less lively than Berton's. He essentially follows Savours from the nineteenth century onwards, and contributes most in relation to the earlier periods — some of which he treated in *Voyages of Delusion: The Quest for the Northwest Passage*.

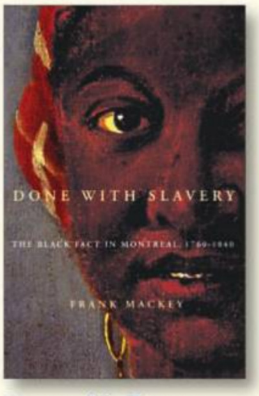
The author's decades-long immersion in exploration history enables him to turn up the occasional nugget. With regard to the five men who disappeared from Martin Frobisher's 1576 expedition, for example, he reminds us that the later reports of Charles Francis Hall, taken from the Inuit, suggest that those sailors were not murdered after all, as is fre-

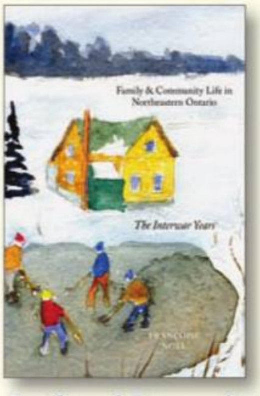
In the June-July issue of Canada's History

Shell Shock

At first they were ridiculed, called cowards, and worse. But as thousands of Canadian Tommies broke down in the trenches, medical officials finally accepted fact — the men were shell-shocked. A special package looks at the long fight to gain acceptance of this controversial medical condition. By Tim Cook, Ted Barris, Dennis Duffy, and Mark Reid.







From Canada's Regions Comes Good History

The River Returns
An Environmental History of the Bow
Christopher Armstrong, Matthew Evenden, and H.V. Nelles

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Frank Mackey

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quently alleged, but lived peaceably for a winter and then tried to sail away home.

Towards the end of *Arctic Labyrinth*, noting that Britain ceded its Arctic territories to Canada in 1880, Williams touches on the three voyages undertaken on behalf of the Canadian government by Joseph-Elzéar Bernier. He rightly describes Bernier, a French Canadian born in 1852, as sailing "to confirm Canadian sovereignty over the Arctic archipelago at a time when the nationals of other powers were increasingly active in the region."

Bernier's greatest moment came on July 1, 1909, when he erected a plaque at Winter Harbour on Melville Island in the Northwest Passage, first reached from the Atlantic by William Edward Parry in 1819. In *Joseph-Elzéar Bernier: Champion of Canadian Sovereignty*, biographer Marjolaine Saint-Pierre wisely lets Bernier himself describe that occasion. The captain and his men drank a toast to the Dominion and the prime minister, and "then all assembled around Parry's Rock to witness the unveiling of a tablet placed at the Rock, commemorating the annexing of the whole of the Arctic archipelago."

Saint-Pierre's book includes a rare and spectacular photo of this occasion — one that, had it been spotted earlier, would almost certainly have been included in the recent book *100 Photos That Changed Canada*. This group shot at Parry's Rock is one of more than two hundred black-and-white illustrations included in Saint-Pierre's work, which looks to be the definitive biography of Bernier.

Ably translated by William Barr, overwhelming in detail, the book traces Bernier's career from ancestry to legacy. It highlights his hopes of becoming the first to reach the North Pole and the first to sail through the Northwest Passage in a single season. Saint-Pierre shows how government indifference thwarted these dreams.

In his three main voyages, which he undertook between 1906 and 1911, Bernier charted no new lands. But he gathered records left by explorers of the previous century, set up new cairns and monuments, and raised the Canadian flag throughout the Arctic. By these symbolic actions, he strengthened Canada's claims to the Arctic archipelago.

Both these books belong in the library of any Arctic aficionado.

Reviewed by **Ken McGoogan,** whose award-winning books include *Fatal Passage* and *Race to the Polar Sea.*

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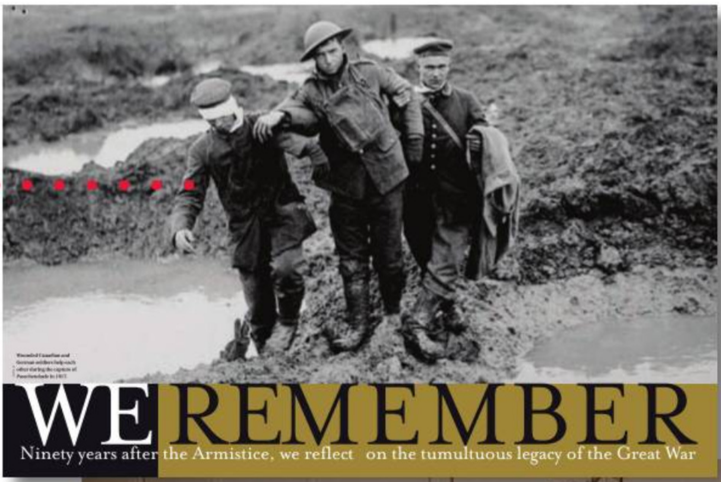
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CANADA'S HISTORY

Muskoka’s spirited past

Exploring the ghost towns of Ontario’s cottage country. By Andrew Hind and Maria Da Silva

ANDREW HIND AND MARIA DA SILVA

An abandoned house sits forgotten in the woods of Muskoka.

The foliage parts, and a decaying farmhouse comes into view. Faded drapes hang in the windows, dancing lightly in a breeze that gusts through the broken glass.

Making our way up rickety steps that groan under our feet, we brush aside hanging spiderwebs that dangle from the eaves. We hesitate at the window. Dare we peer inside? In that exhilarating moment of indecision, our fascination with Muskoka’s ghost towns is born.

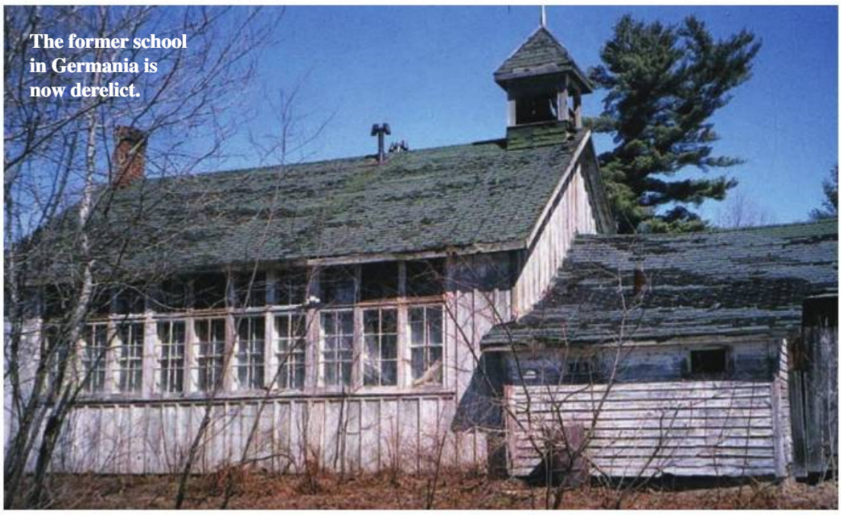
Muskoka, located about a ninety-minute drive north of Toronto, is known as Ontario’s cottage country. It’s a region that comes alive every summer as hundreds of thousands of people descend on its crystalline lakes and charming communities. But there’s another Muskoka that few visitors ever see.

A century ago, before the hordes of tourists forever transformed it, Muskoka was a harsh landscape where settlers struggled to carve homesteads from dark forests and eke a living out of the barren soil. Many communities were founded on the misplaced belief that the great stands of trees could be replaced by golden fields of wheat. When this was revealed to be a cruel fantasy, despondent farmers abandoned their lands and headed for greener pastures. Entire villages were abandoned and allowed to decay.

Today, crumbling barn foundations, weathered cabins, rusting mill machinery, leaning headstones, and rutted roads that disappear into the woods are all that remain of these vanished communities. And yet, as we discover, these fragile remains tell a gripping story and make for an enticing road trip.

We head to Muskoka on a fine fall day. Our first stop is the former hamlet of Swords, located on Swords/Tally-Ho Road north of Highway 141. Easily accessible and with several photogenic buildings, it’s an appropriate starting point.

Lingering before a weathered general store, our imagination takes flight; we can almost hear the sounds of the villagers who once would have chatted amiably on its verandah. Heading south, we come to a stand of new forest. Hidden among the trees is a home with a strong lean. It was built by operators of the sawmill on nearby Maple Lake to house employees. Later, our explorations bring us to the grounds of a century-old schoolhouse — lovingly maintained by concerned locals — as well as a length of the old Grand Trunk Railway line (now the recreational Seguin Trail), upon which the mill community depended for its livelihood.


The former school in Germania is now derelict.

ANDREW HIND AND MARIA DA SILVA

We drive to another mill hamlet, Rosseau Falls, located along Four Mile Beach Road just east of Rosseau. We park at the bridge spanning the rocky chute and clamber down among the rocks, gazing out upon a spectacular view of picturesque Lake Rosseau below. Once, loggers drove their timber down this waterfall on spring freshets. It's said that the logs were packed so thickly, loggers could walk from shore to shore without getting their feet wet. Missing from the scene is the former saw and shingle mill, as well as the humble workers' cabins, where exclusive cottages now stand.

Both Swords and Rosseau Falls withered after the forests in their vicinities had been denuded of harvestable trees. Such was the fate of several ghost towns here

At Germania, the cause of its eventual decline was poor farmland. Much of the former community remains, however, clustered around the crossroads of Gilbert Road and Stonecrest Road. Visitors there will see a hewn-log church, the interior of which is little changed since it was built in 1876. The graves of many of the settlers lie in the nearby cemetery. Other sights include the community's former schoolhouse. Built in 1888, it is now derelict.

As we head back to our car, we both agree — one day spent visiting Muskoka's ghost towns is not enough. There are simply too many vanished villages to explore.

Andrew Hind and Maria Da Silva are both from Bradford, Ontario, and share a passion for history. They are authors of five books, including *Ghost Towns of*

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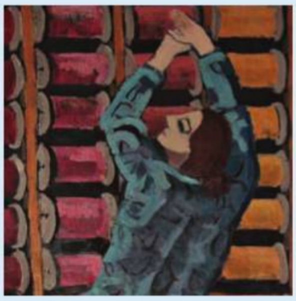
MCCORD MUSEUM

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Until May 2, Montreal

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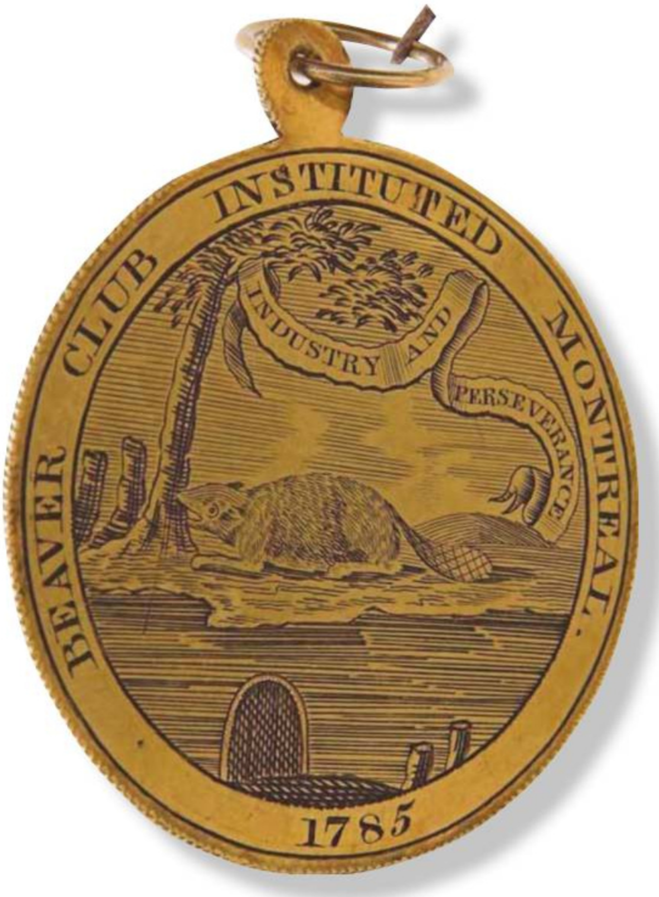
TALES AND TREASURES

Celebrating the legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company



Beaver Club medal

This medal belonged to Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was given to members of the Beaver Club — fur traders who had spent at least one year on the frontier. The Montreal-based club was founded in 1785 by the HBC's rival, the North West Company. Simpson received his medal in 1820, one year before the merger of the two companies.

In The Beaver…

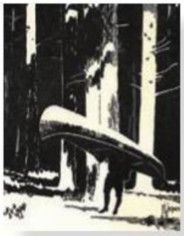
90 years ago

And the beat goes on

In October 1920 *The Beaver* magazine was launched as a "full-fledged institutional magazine" for Hudson's Bay Company staff. The inaugural issue cost ten cents a copy. On its cover is an engraving of a beaver gnawing a stick and the words "A Journal of Progress," along with a portrait of the company's governor, Sir Robert M. Kindersley.

60 years ago

A wilderness journey



The joys of travelling along the historic Voyageur's Highway in the Quetico-Superior border region is eloquently described by Florence Page Jaques in the March 1950 *Beaver* magazine feature "Wilderness Treasure." With accompanying artwork by her husband Francis Lee Jaques, you can almost feel their canoe slip through the crystal-clear water along the Ontario-Minnesota border.

30 years ago

Anniversary time

The Beaver celebrated its sixtieth anniversary in the autumn of 1980. The first featured article in this issue is "Eskimo Life A Century Ago," by Margaret Mead. The distinguished American anthropologist had originally written this story as a chapter of a children's book, drawing heavily upon scientist Franz Boas' first systematic study of Inuit culture in 1883. Through words and photographs, she documented the Inuit of Cumberland Sound, whose mode of living remained relatively unchanged until after World War II.

The Hudson's Bay Company, founded in 1670, helped build Canada. To explore the rich history of the HBC, as well as to read stories from ninety years of its flagship magazine, *The Beaver*, go to **canadashistory.ca.**

HISTORY MATTERS

Canada’s next good year

Let the planning begin as Canada’s 150th birthday looms. by Deborah Morrison

In his 1997 book *1967: The Last Good Year*, Pierre Berton lamented that the country had lost its energy to take on important national projects that had the power to bind the country together.

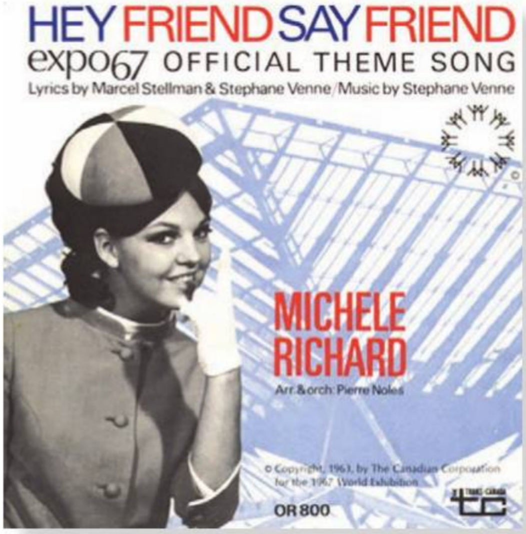
He argued that our centennial year gave us reason to dream lucidly about the future we wanted for ourselves. And we did: we created new social programs; adopted a new flag; built community centres, libraries, museums and art galleries; and hosted the greatest international celebration in our history, Expo 67. But in subsequent years, Canadians became so enveloped in concerns over political unity and economic stability that any new national enterprise was next to impossible, Berton concluded.

But that was almost a generation ago, when building bridges across the country and bringing Canadians together meant precisely that — constructing better roads and organizing student exchanges to bridge the geographic distance between Canadians.

Today, these phrases are more likely to be used metaphorically to address demographic divides: urban versus rural, north versus south, and opportunity gaps among First Nations and immigrant populations relative to the Canadian average. But our confidence in ourselves, shaken so deeply in the 1980s and 1990s, is returning.

The threat of Quebec separation has waned, while our economy has grown stronger. And the Vancouver Olympic Games have positioned Canada for another international success story.

The call to celebrate has never been louder. The time to think about the future we want has never been more urgent. A natural rallying point — Canada’s sesquicentennial — is just seven short years away. In between, Canada also marks the one hundredth anniversary of the First World War, the two hundredth anniversary of the War of 1812, and the one hundredth anniversaries of the Canadian Parks Service and Historic Sites and Monuments Board. The combination of events provides fertile ground to engage in a grand celebration that embraces our past, our present, and our future.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Lyrics by Marcel Stellman & Stephane Venne/Music by Stephane Venne
MICHELE RICHARD
Arr.&orch: Pierre Noles
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OR 800

Just as it was in 1967, the federal government is looking to Canadians to define the scope of the celebrations. Fortunately, many individuals remember the scramble to get ready for 1967 and are already making plans. The City of Edmonton is representing Canada in a bid to host Expo 17. And in March, 300 people were expected for a special meeting in Ottawa to discuss ways to commemorate 2017.

Canada’s History Society is involved with one such extraordinary initiative, Canada 150. Over the next seven years, the group, consisting of more than a dozen national organizations, aims to collect and digitize over one million “memories” of life, family and community histories, to create an unprecedented repository of historical information about Canada and its peoples. The beauty of this project is that it embraces the very tools that many feel have threatened our historical record and it aims to put them to work capturing all that information we feared would be lost.

Harry van Bommel, founder and executive director of Canada 150, explains that “the principal goal is to spark the largest story-gathering project in Canadian history that can support every level of technical and writing expertise Canadians may bring to the project.”

The scope of the project is ambitious. Canadians will be able to post photos or home videos in shared online albums. Family historians will be able to use the project to help them connect with distant relatives. Children will learn more about their communities by helping to digitize materials for local museums, archives, and historical societies. And finally, Canada 150 will offer how-to guides for every step of the process, from researching to publishing stories.

The centennial celebrations caught on with Canadians because they allowed all Canadians to see themselves as having a part in it. Canada 150 will take the same approach. Pierre Berton was right — let’s stop the hand-wringing and rediscover how amazing we are.

Let’s encourage our leaders to look beyond the next election long enough to let the planning begin.

Deborah Morrison is the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada’s History.

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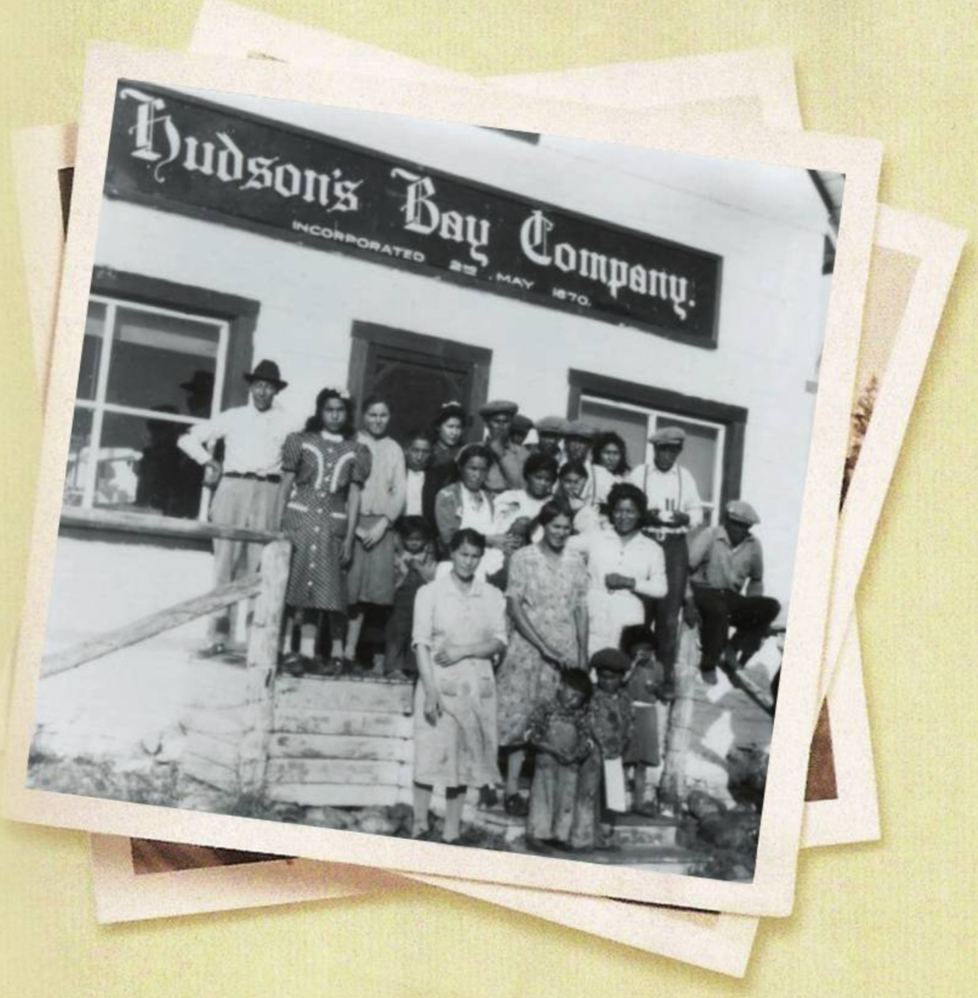
Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

In May of 1946, Alan Yuill got a job with the Hudson's Bay Company. The seventeen-year-old began his fur-trade apprenticeship at Portage La Loche, Saskatchewan, under Chief Factor John Blackhall. Blackhall had worked with the HBC for more than forty years by the time Yuill joined the company.

"I spent many a Saturday night during the long winters at the kitchen table with a kerosene lamp glowing, listening to the fascinating tales of the eastern Arctic and Labrador where Mr. Blackhall served," says Yuill, who found Portage La Loche to be an excellent, yet isolated, starting point.

Employees awaited their daily radio communication from Fort McMurray and their once-a-month mail delivery. Yuill took this photo of residents outside of the store in Portage La Loche. "The chap at the far left (is) Willy, our interpreter."

Yuill, who today lives in Scarborough, Ontario, spent two "wonderful" years at this post, until he was promoted to the position of HBC fur trade manager, serving in Northern Ontario, Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. After ten years, Alan Yuill left the HBC and moved to southern Ontario. But he says he still thinks fondly of his time in "frontier country."

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *Canada's History*, P.O. Box 56060, Portage Place RPO, Winnipeg, MB R3B 0G9. Or email your submission to album@Canada'sHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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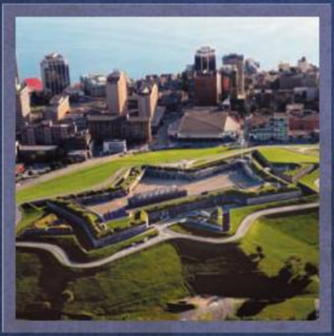

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